

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Nov. 18, 1871]

bounding house one of the boats and carrying it far out on the lake.

"There goes one of our hopes!" cried the old man, mournfully, as he gazed after the capsized boat. "Harras! gone on the other side."

We grew up the darkness, dismally and sadly, of that long night. Sleep was impossible, for no shelter could be provided, and exposed to the driving wind, andhardt out of reach of the waves, the little party were obliged to huddle together for mutual warmth, waiting in vain for the dawn. Forming a lookout of their bodies, the rough, but stalwart Indians and frontiersmen, girded from the cold as best they could the sheltered hold, in the joy of dawning light, he heartily rejoiced the other frontiersmen had deserted them, that for the present was almost enough. All night he was by her side, encouraging her to hope for relief on the morrow, endeavoring to make her sufficiently sensible in body to admit of slumber, but finding that impossible, he lessened the memory of the cheerless hours by song, by conversation, and a lengthened discussion with Hiram Skale on the question of the total depravity of the aborigines. Hiram concluding that they possessed no virtue whatever.

"I afraid we'll all find out too soon what miserable, morose, murdering monsters they are," said the scout, and with this melancholy alliterative conclusion, he dropped his lines of argument.

Morning broke clear and bright over the lake. Glad were the east-a-days that the weary night was ended, but fearful were they lest the daylight should reveal them to their dreaded foes. The schooner was still not broken up by the waves, and at the earliest possible moment she was boarded, and arms and ammunition obtained. With these in their possession, a new feeling filled the hearts of our friends.

"We can at least die defending ourselves," was the cheery remark of Major Hallowell. "To be shot down here by a cowardly foe, knowing our helplessnes, or dragged captive from the lake, because we had no weapons with which to resist their assault, would indeed be terrible."

"With our rifles and—ha, Captain! an idea strikes me. Is there not an old howitzer or two on board the Helicon? I think I saw one lying in the hold."

"There is, " exclaimed the Captain in ecstasy. "If we can't get off in the boat or on a raft, we'll build a fort and give the redskins thunder when they come to scalp us. Bring out the old things, men, we'll find dry powder aboard, no doubt, though some may be spoiled. Harras!"

"Harras!" responded Hiram Skale, who with his feet on land once more, and a dry rifle in his hand, began to feel enthusiastic despite the precariousness of their situation.

Two of the borderers and three or four of the sailors clambered up the broken side of the wreck, and after hard labor succeeded in extricating from the debris in the hold a couple of rusty old howitzers that had been placed on board previous to a former voyage and had never been removed. The schooner was not a war vessel, carrying only one serviceable gun—a long brass twelve pounder—which had been thrown overboard of necessity during the gale.

"Matters begin to look quite military," said Captain Morris, pointing with infinite satisfaction to the howitzers. "We need a leader to keep us straight, and I move, men, that Colonel Philip Westburn be appointed to the command of this party of defense."

A unanimous expression of approval followed. The Colonel briefly returned his thanks for the honor, concluding with a deserved compliment to the Captain of the Helicon.

"It is my hope that I may be as successful in the present extremity as you, Captain Morris, were in that of yesterday."

The question was raised whether a fort should be constructed on the island or whether the wreck of the schooner should be occupied for that purpose.

"I suggest," said Major Hallowell, that we throw up our defences on this shore. In case of a second storm the vessel would probably go to pieces."

It was therefore decided to entrench themselves on the island, using material from the wreck. An excavation was made in the sand, the howitzers were mounted, loaded and masked, and a large supply of powder brought from the magazine. Though much of it was damaged, there was still an abundance perfectly dry. Provisions were not plentiful, but enough were saved to last them several days. While some of the men were building the fort, others were repairing the boat—found to be badly broken—and constructing a raft, on which, when the lake should, it would be necessary for some of the party to trust themselves, since the boat, even if it could be made sea-worthy, would not contain them all. One apprehension felt was that they might be discovered by British cruisers, known to be roving the lake, but as it afterward proved this would have been a desirable misfortune.

Breaking the best of their parlor positions, and congratulating themselves on their ability to obtain so much from the wreck, by noon they found their condition to be one of some real comfort and safety. Not an Indian had been seen, though the mounted borderers, who expected every moment the wretched announcement that Hiram had died, covered them. The island was entirely without vegetation to afford a screen to its occupants, and even then had been a growth of bushes, the bulk of the wreck was such a prominent object, that it could not have escaped the observation of any one on the shore. Expecting discovery, knowing, in fact, that it would be impossible to avoid it if any of their enemies should approach, the little party made no secret of their presence. The raft could not be constructed without the sound of axe and saw, and their hope was that by hurried labor they would be enabled to finish it before a successful attack could be made.

"Even if discovered," said Colonel Westburn, "it is not probable that we shall be seized by daylight. The Indians are too cowardly to make an open attack in their canoes, and by keeping our howitzers concealed till the moment arises to use them with the best effect, it is to be hoped that we shall be surprised the savages that they will not renew their assault immediately. By to-morrow morning if the gale continues to abate, it will be safe to attempt our departure."

"Speaking of the canoes, Colonel," spoke Hiram Skale, "remind me that we've been a little cautious in that matter. It's plain enough to you, say, that the redskins can reach us out in their boats. Now it's mighty likely that if there's any Indians hereabouts, their canoes are up that creek."

He pointed toward the mouth of the small stream that emptied into the lake nearly opposite the island.

"With your permission, Colonel, Tom Williams and I will look to this matter. There's nothing like stealing a march on the enemy."

"What do you propose to do?" inquired Colonel Westburn with eager interest. "You have my permission to do, or to do any prudent enterprise that may benefit us."

"Well, it's rather risky," returned the scout. "But Tom's willing and I'm anxious. We just mean to swim to popular shore, make our way very cautiously up that creek, and—oh, with every ounce to be found. It's worth the venture, Captain, in my opinion. There may be a score of boats hid among the banks, and just now not a soul is

near, yet before sunset they may be thick enough. We're off, then, since you're willing."

"So, every soulful, I—enjoy you, for you are all possible—keeping you to a funeral ride."

Drinking the dregs of the heavy potion of their own health, Tom and Isabel, impudently, for no shield could be provided, and exposed to the driving wind, andhardt out of reach of the waves, the little party were obliged to huddle together for mutual warmth, waiting in vain for the dawn. Forming a lookout of their bodies, the rough, but stalwart Indians and frontiersmen, girded from the cold as best they could the sheltered hold, in the joy of dawning light, he heartily rejoiced the other frontiersmen had deserted them, that for the present was almost enough. All night he was by her side, encouraging her to hope for relief on the morrow, endeavoring to make her sufficiently sensible in body to admit of slumber, but finding that impossible, he lessened the memory of the cheerless hours by song, by conversation, and a lengthened discussion with Hiram Skale on the question of the total depravity of the aborigines. Hiram concluding that they possessed no virtue whatever.

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The sun was sinking over the tree-top, and his rays were already so interrupted by them that only a few lines of golden light fell upon the island. In the holy hush of the setting sun, the hounds barked louder, and the sweet girl sang still louder, and gently tear-drops filled her eyes as the scene of her great sorrow stared upon her. In tender and touching words the young man comforted her, while all the time in his heart a love was growing that was to make him forever happy or forever miserable. He did not yet dare to speak, though he had already dared to hope that there was an answering influence at work in the maiden's breast that would make her his in time.

With Isabel Westburn his promised bride, he felt that danger and death would be only names—and yet so bright visions of a peaceful home in which her fair form moved, rose before him, he realized how sweet it would be to live.

Used of late to trial and peril, he had in a degree become indifferent to danger, but now the desire to escape, that with her he might share this new existence, took possession of him with an almost agonizing force. It was not personal fear, but the natural love of life returning, intensified and elevated by this great glad longing for future happiness with the beautiful being at his side.

Oh! they must not perish now on that miserable isle! In an hour, since the lake no longer rolled tumultuously, forbidding them to venture upon its surface, they would commit themselves to its mercy and endeavor to reach a safer shore.

As if in mockery of the hopes that filled the lover's breast, a sudden warning cry was uttered by those on guard; the report of a rifle sent shuddering echoes through the wood; and a wild, terrific whoop told that cruel foes had discovered the east-a-ways. At the same moment a number of canoes shot from the mouth of the little creek, each filled with yelling and hideously painted savages, and a shower of bullets fell among the defenders of the island-fort.

CHAPTER III.

WHAT THE SCOUTS FOUND.

With stealthy tread, Skale and Williams entered the forest and commenced their hazardous reconnaissance. Hiffs in hand, they went on till they had passed up the left bank of the little stream fully three quarters of a mile, discovering no canoes, yet by certain signs that only a woodsman would have observed, assuring themselves of the recent presence of the savages.

"I say, Williams," whispered Skale to his companion, "we've gone far enough in this direction. The brutes have been about lately, that's plain. See here!" He picked up a piece of birch bark, evidently not long stripped from the tree.

"Boil my bones!" returned Tom, using his favorite expletive in his surprise.

"They've like enough been a patchin' up their leaky boats. That's canoes not far off, I'll bet my eyes. No piece of birch bark was ever cut in just that ar' way 'cept it was for to be used in mendin' their craft. We'll cross to the other side, Hiram, and search powerful close as we go down."

As they waded the shadowed water at a point where two enormous pines, fallen toward each other, afforded a screened passage, concealed in the dark foliage of which they were carefully to keep. With the silence of shadows they descended the stream, looking carefully into every cluster of bushes and denser mass of vines. A sudden and suppressed exclamation of surprise announced to Williams, who was behind him, that Hiram had made a discovery of a startling character.

"Well done, my men," cried their commanding officer. The redskins hardly expected all that, I take it. They will not trouble us for the next hour or two, and by that time we must endeavor to leave this place. Skale and Williams will fare badly, I fear, but there is hope for them yet."

The retreating savages, at whom a few more shots had been fired, were disappearing up the creek. In the dim light the fragments of the broken boats could be seen far downstream, and the smoke from the guns was slowly settling upon the water.

"There will be trouble to-night, Colonel," said Captain Morris with some uneasiness, as he watched the softly-falling smoke-cloud above him.

"I'll be with you to-morrow," responded the colonel, as he made his way along the mainland.

"There will, assuredly," responded Westburn, noting the same appearances. "It may aid us, and it may not. It will surely encourage our enemies to make a second attack."

The party had been killed in the fight, though one of the borderers and two of the sailors had been struck. Their wounds were not dangerous, yet it was doubly to be regretted that they had not escaped, for two of the men were quite disabled, thus lessening the defensive force of the garrison and making escape on the raft and in the boat more uncertain in consequence of the difficulty of removing the wounded ones.

They could not of course be left behind, whatever risk might attend their removal. With her own hands Isabel Westburn assisted in dressing the ghastly wounds, bandaging them with cool compresses to retard the expected inflammation.

"Lord bless the gal!" exclaimed suffering old Simon Brace. "She's no faint-away dolly, skeery at the sight o' a drop of blood. She's the woman fightin' for her, is she, and them painted brutes will hav' her to put Simon Brace further out o' the way before they harms her. Why, Miss Isabel, the touch o' your fingers ar' kind o' curin'."

"Would that I could heal you so easily, Simon," she replied. "We shall need you sadly enough, I fear."

"I've been in tighter places than this here, and allers managed to get out so far, though sometimes a little damaged like. It's a pity I'm laid up just now, for I think myself I might be useful afther mornin'."

He uttered the concluding words to himself, for he would not further alarm his fatigued attendants.

Every preparation had been immediately made to repel a second assault, though it was the intention of the besieged to trust themselves to the water as soon as it might be considered prudent. No further rifle shot informed them that their two absent friends had been discovered and attacked. It was the report of their guns, fired too near and too rapidly, that had given the alarm to the two absent ones, and they knew that without the report of gun it would be safe to infer that the scouts were not unharmed, unless the first shot had been fired at them instead of by them. The

young Indian had died away, and an unknown silence covered over the fort, as though it might be broken by the voices of their returning foes, who would surely make another attack, more terrible perhaps, but not less.

For an hour they watched and waited, and then, the fog having now enveloped the island and surrounding cispotan, it was resolved to abandon the fort and trust themselves on the water, the Indians were now more than the fort could hold.

"We'll go out now," said Tom, "and try to get back to our friends? They'll need us and our rescuers, though it's doubtful about our rescuers with whom sides."

"God grant them a safe return," breathed Isabel, as she saw their figures vanish in the green gloom of the wilderness.

Major Hallowell was by her side.

"You have said something of the heavy portion of their own health to us," said the colonel.

"I have," said Major Hallowell, "and no mistake," said the colonel.

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this—as on all subsequent occasions—that whenever Lionel was by, he addressed himself to me exclusively in French, that he might afford the boy an opportunity of joining the conversation, which he was pretty sure to do, with an utter absence of restraint. We had driven to the *Place-Comte*, when the doctor stopped to see a patient.

"You live with Dr. Temple?" I casually remarked.

"Yes, I do."

"With your room with him long?"

"Two or three."

I read in his expressive face, the unconquerable effort of an effort to conceal from him in the doctor's absence, so I forbore to speak to him further on the subject. We drove to the *Bois-de-Boulogne* and back; and I took leave of them in the *Place-Blind*, still wondering what could be the secret of the association of these two; and if Temple had spoken the whole truth, when he said that they were in no wise related.

At theatre, opera, and all places of amusement, and in all his drives, the boy was so constantly at his side, that a chance absence became a subject of mental wonder to me, as to others, but I asked no more questions. That my countryman had no relations in Paris, he was informed me; but he was entirely silent with regard to any that he might have left in America. A topographical study of Paris, with an improved knowledge of the language, had enabled me, by degrees, to find my way about the great city alone. Until falling in, by an unlucky chance, with some of my college mates, a set of fellows whom my father had had every reason to abominate, on more than one occasion,—my time was so much occupied elsewhere, that I had not seen my new friend for some weeks.

I was racing the whirlwind of a series of dissipations, in a rather pell-mell mood,—with a very heavy head, at last, and a very light purse,—when I found myself, without any definite object, however a little sober advice, perhaps,—which I was pretty sure, at that time, not to need any longer than suited my fancy,—in front of the doctor's door. I let myself into the office, but finding no one there, and the odor of dissipation being anything but agreeable, I let that thought of me go, and went again into the inner court, and rang the great bell. The door was opened at once, and the porter's spring, and without waiting for the usher, or usher's permission, "Monsieur, il vous plaît."

"I began the tolling scene of the four stories, as it was called. I counted six, as usual, according to my arithmetic, and came, out of breath, upon the doctor, reading at a little window.

"Come in, Donaldson! What a truant you have been!" he said, in a tone that cheered me with its note of welcome. "How are you to-day?"

"The boy, thank heaven! was not present! I am a masculine type of Joany Wren, just at present," I said, wiping the perspiration from my face—"at bed-head, and emphatically 'queer legs.'"

"They are very accommodating lads, to serve you all at, in their natural capacity, for a couple of days," said the doctor, dryly, "from the manner in which you were feeling in the air for the pavement, on yesterday as some of your 'boys comrade' were taking you through the Champs Elysées. You are seeing the world through rather a distorted medium, I am afraid."

"Wild oats won't keep," I said, with a ghost of a jest. "One should sow them early, you know."

"Have you thought what an abundant harvest you may reap?"

"I haven't thought at all," I replied, foolishly. "I come for you to lend me the aid of your reasoning faculties."

"In what manner?" asked the doctor, pointing to his purse. "Young man never think so soberly, as when the chink of coin in their pockets has ceased to disturb them."

"Then I am in perfect trim for becoming a philosopher," I replied, bitterly. "But not that alone; though I shall be under the necessity of borrowing from you for a couple of weeks. I must sit with you, or ride for an hour or so, until I lose those fellows up town."

"Agreed!" said the doctor, readily, "though you should have courage to face such temptations bodily, and overcome them. However, you have good air here, and if I am so much out in a direction not suiting your taste, you can remain and improve yourself in solitude and monotony by repeating the poem 'Exodus,' in memory of your sacrificial ascent; or, if you are still too much out of breath, wait an hour or so, and see what advantages a Paris life offers for astronomical observations. In the mean time you can tell me at your leisure, if there is anything of special interest 'up' among your friends."

"No—ah! yes; there is a murder; but somebody is always being murdered," I said, calmly,—because the parties were wholly unknown to me—I suppose; and trying to look as if nothing that was done, even in Paris, could astonish me.

"A murder?" repeated the doctor. "Yet I suppose neither the victim nor the assassin is known to us!"

"No. Besides it is a day or so old, and I thought you had heard all about it. Some of our fellows though, first discovered the body lying near a grave in the cemetery of *Pere-la-Chaise*; and it was supposed a case of suicide, until a slip of paper was discovered fastened to the dagger that had been plucked to the victim's heart, with this inscription—

"DONE IN RETRIBUTION,

BY HUGONOT."

"Do you know the victim's name?" asked the doctor, turning pale in a manner I thought quite refreshing, when I considered his years, and consequent experience.

"My God!" came this exclamation from Doctor Temple's lips. "It was not the light 'Mou Dieu!' of the French, hoped so frequently and sippantly by the pretty griseettes, that you would never suppose them grossly violating a positive edict of the decrees: it was an irrepressible asthmatic hoarse, bursting from the soul. And I knew at the moment, as perfectly as I knew afterwards—when he had told me his story—that the most powerful memories of this man's life were associated with one or both of the names I had mentioned. When I looked at him, his face was whiter than the wall above us; but he awoke, in a low, eager voice—

"Is the final curtain buried?"

"Can you mean the man Castlemain?" I gasped. "Did you mean him?"

"Call the reptile Castlemain, if you will," he hissed through his clenched teeth. "He crawled through the old Eden of my life with his deadly slime, and poisoned the air I breathed, until I fled from the whole human race that was known to me! Good God! if I had dreamed that the wretch whom I hunted in every corner of the earth for ten long years was in Paris!" and he passed the floor in a state of the fiercest excitement I had ever seen.

"Is this man an American?" I asked, hoping to calm him by inducing him to talk on the subject.

"To your shame and mine, yes," he said, "I have come, at any rate, to have been a stranger here," I replied. "The Prefect of Police is at work, and the body has been taken for recognition to the *Morgue*."

"To the *Morgue*?" Behind the retributive justice of heaven on such a pernicious wretch! Come," he cried, seizing his hat. "Let me be satisfied with my own eyes! Let me see if I can command myself when I gaze on his

dead body!" We were descending to the street, when Lionel bounded up the steps.

"Where do you go? Can I accompany you?"

"Not this evening, my dear child," said the doctor, with something like a shudder, as he rested his hand caressingly on the boy's head. "Not this evening. Annoy yourself with my books for while, or go below and play at cards with Master Henri Dupin."

"He followed us to the pave, however, and was still looking regretfully after us when dinner. Temple leaned back in the whist-chair in profound silence until we entered the *Sur Morgue*, and passed before the gloomy repository of the unknown and unburied dead.

"The body of the man, Castlemain, found murdered in the cemetery of *Pere-la-Chaise*," I said briefly to the crier. He led us in silence through the sombre building, until we came to a table upon which something lay covered with a dark cloth, and left us. Dr. Temple turned down the pall with an eager hand.

"At last, oh God! I said by Adolphe Hugo's hand, not mine!" It was all he said as he looked down on the dead body before us. I looked, too, and was startled by the splendid beauty of a form and face which with a death and such exposure had entirely failed to mar. I learned afterwards that the murdered man must have been past forty; but despite the magnificently developed muscular system, I should scarcely have supposed him twenty-five as I looked upon him. He seemed to have fallen into a calm sleep upon the table as he was. And a half smile revealed a set of dazzlingly white teeth, that were yet scarcely more transparent than the broad, clear brow, from which hair of inky blackness was so carelessly thrown back that one might have fancied his well-shaped hand had been run through it but a moment before.

"Do you recognize a friend, Monsieur?" asked the guard, coming up.

"No!" said Dr. Temple, with such stern emphasis that I feared he might awaken some suspicion in the mind of a not over scrupulous detective; but he was distracted from the painful contemplation into which he had fallen, and hurriedly taking my arm, he turned towards the entrance. When we were in the cab again, he briefly ordered the driver to take us to the cemetery of *Pere-la-Chaise*. As we wandered on through that hilly-homely cemetery, I learned that the *Morgue* was so necessitated that I was beginning to some alarm to fancy his half-demented, when he came to an abrupt pause by a simple mound of earth.

"Do you see the blood here?" he asked, pointing—with a look such as Hamlet might have worn, when he picked up Yorick's skull to a dark stain upon the sod.

"Distinctly."

"You thought I had never been guilty of the folly of marriage. This is my wife's grave."

"Your wife?"

"Yes. And the mother of Lionel."

"No. The law allows him no father. The wretched whose body we have just left in the *Morgue* was the author of his existence."

"Good heavens!" I replied, aghast.—"And yet you love the boy as a son?"

"At first I thought of it as a sweet revenge," said Temple slowly. "And yet, as the child grew, so like his mother, and yet not like her, for Lionel is grateful. I loved him in spite of the knowledge that the blood of the villain who has been murdered was in his veins! I will tell you his history, and in connection name. The woman who lies buried here bore the maiden name of Annette Hugonot. She was the daughter of the French consul at the American port where I lived as a boy. When I left college she was the belle of our city, a beautiful, bewitching girl of eighteen. She spoke our language as fluently as her own; but she possessed at the same time the irresistibly vivacious charm of French manners. She had a smile more sweet than the soft light of an early glowing in calm October days; and plaid as the tranquil waves laving an Orient shore, was the dreamy cadence of her motion. Golden and lustrous was her glossy hair upheld by his glittering jewels, with a warm glow over it as of a nutty sunset resting forever among its tresses; and her white, fair face was alternately lightened and darkened by lustrous hazel eyes.

"Lashed glowingly,

And lit with darkness even as light."

Many a gallant courtier laid his heart at her feet, in adoration of her beauty. For her the laces were laid in rest, and knight and minstrel sung her praises in the sunny days of Normandy's ancient glory.

One there who came to her in the flush of a dying day, and whispered magic words, that changed the whole light current of her virgin life into the deeper, spiritual sweet of womanhood.

In the little garden beside the standing, under the shade of the crimson-berry mountain-ash trees, with the amber glints of sunlight that shivered through the crimsoning foliage dropping upon her tresses, thinking of the Earl de Farvona, whose face had smiled upon her in the measures of the dance, whose hand had held her own all courteously, and whose ardent glances had called the shy and yet half-willing blushes to her rounded cheek.

Once, on a Kentish battle-field, when he had been attacked and unbroken by the enemy's soldiers, the Earl had saved her father's life.

"Shall I tell you sighful maidens and meek-eyed matrons, what she was thinking under the mountain ash; in those olden, sweet decades, whose history is ripe to-day with contention, with clash of amor and grous of wounded, with thunder of battle, heard faintly through memory, as though the sounds came up to us from a great and misty distance? Hush! hearts; and look within yourselves, I pray you! for I own no mystic power of wondrous eloquence, that may stir up the depths of your bosoms."

"Pray God that they may at last welcome me, remembering this our love!"

"Fay God I may come back to me."

"Under the brilliant sheen of the golden mousing there came a merry company of cavaliers riding up the mountain path to Varriek.

One there was among the horsemen whose hopeful heart was happy as the happy day, and filled with sweet anticipation of welcome from fair Eleanor. Loud hung his jested bridle-rib, and the powerful animal to his master sprang up, swifly up the grassy path as if it knew to whom the love of his heart belonged. And over him, with the native music, and already inhaled the odors wafted from the general pasture lands.

"Eleanor, my darling, war lasts not forever. Soon shall the Red Rose reign over a land of peace and prosperity, and at such a time shall I come back to you, beloved, with glory won to lay at thy feet, and thy hand clasped to my brow; and the love of my heart to thy bosom!"

"She leaped up into his limestone, manly face, and snatched through her tresses, proudly, lovingly, with a sweet, higher strength of nobility in the expression of her mobile countenance.

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"For I love thee! and so shall I love thee forever and ever, and ever!"

"Nor even now can distance and battle part us, for whithersoever thou goest there shall my thought follow, nigh thee in peace and in strife alike, and if one fall so shall both fall, for death may not part us."

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OUR NEW DEPARTURE!

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A NEW DEPARTURE.

The aim of *The Post* has therefore been enlarged fully *non-partisan*, (containing 48 new columns,) and it is now both the

Length and Content of the Family Papers!

It will contain Novels, Illustrated Stories, Sketches, Poetry, Answers to Correspondents, etc., etc., by

ARRESTED WRITERS

that can be presented—including Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne," Mrs. Margaret Hopper, Amanda M. Douglas, Burr Thompson, Miss Wheeler, August Bell, Clio Stanley, Captain Carnes, Lillie Devereux Blake, "Big" Mrs. Fanny H. Fendig, Mrs. M. L. S. Burke, Eben E. Bofford, etc., etc., etc. Of it will be entirely NEUTRAL in politics.

NEW NOVELS CONSTANTLY PUBLISHED.

New Novels and Stories, long and short, are being continually published. Subscriptions, therefore, can begin at almost any time.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

As our enlarged paper will afford us the room, we shall devote about a column in every number to a summary of the most important and interesting news of the week.

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One Copy of the Saturday Evening Post (\$2.50) and One of the *Lady's Friend* (\$2.00), for \$4.00.

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SINGLE COPIES 6 Cents.

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OFF The horse is a standing vindication of the Darwinian theory of improvement by selection and variation. He now travels on four feet; whereas everybody knows he never had but two feet before.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOV. 10, 1871.

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or,

ON THE RED FRONTIERS.

AN INDIAN STORY OF THE LAST WAR WITH ENGLAND.

By BURE THORNBURY.

Author of "The Tarn Brothers," "Agnes Ayer," etc.

This is, we think, one of the finest novels

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We hope that those of our readers who are in the habit of getting up Clubs for *The Post*, will try to at least double their old lists. At the present enlarged size of *The Post*, it is so much cheaper than the other first-class Family papers, that we think it only needs to be laid before the community to be subscribed for at once by thousands of new patrons. Of course we must depend, in a great degree, upon our present subscribers to show *The Post* to their friends and neighbors, and speak a good word in our behalf.

A NEW NOVEL BY MRS. WOOD.

The talented author of "East Lynne," "Dora Holloway," etc., is now engaged upon a new Serial Story for *The Lady's Friend*. It is entitled

WITHIN THE MAZE;

or,

LADY ANDREANNE'S TRIAL.

This story will be commenced in the January number of *The Lady's Friend*, and will run through the year. This, in addition to the numerous other novels and stories which are to appear next year in *The Lady's Friend*, will, we think, give that magazine a good position among the periodicals intended especially for the ladies.

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FRISCO.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY HOOD ALSTON.

That marine palace 'twix the way,
Whose waters are the ocean's floor,
Is a gambling hell, they say,
Where lust and passion bear full sway
Among the thoughtless and the gay.

In the basement is a bar—
Neatly cleaned and fire-polished,
Richly carved, and fringed—
Glamorous bright as evening star;
The bar is a mahogany work,
Brandy, sherry, beer, and punch;
A short, strong or mild cigar—
In short, anything you want
In the time of blossom.

And the bartender is a bar—
Handsome, tan, and well-muscled,
Richly dressed, and fire-polished,
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WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY HODGE ALSTON.

That morning comes from the way,
To him who comes to his chamber now,
To him who comes to the old,
In a gaudy bed, they say,
Whose last red passion lies full away
Among the thoughts and the day.

In the boudoir is a bairn—
Neatly trimmed and ornamented,
Richly apparelled, and festooned
With a gaudy ribbon over her eyes,
Who in a moment seems fairly
Brawny, vivacious, and jocund;
Having strong and solid vigor,
In a sort of mad glee.

And then, anything you want
In the line of ornament.

And then, the bairn—bairn!—bairn!
Looking like he might be willing
To go to the bairn's bairn's bairn,
To the bairn's bairn's bairn's bairn,
As he sees his bairn the bairn
With a sort of Christian face,
Or better after midnight dinner,
To come like a gauze—now what?—is he's winner.

In another room, adjacent,
Hid from view by silk, a curtain,
As if there "bairns" w' re quite uncertain—
Some engaged in "military,"
Some in "politics," some in "moral,"
Others dancing on the tables—
All on something evil bent;
Not one in twenty has a cost,
Yet they all find "commodities,"
And these are mostly strange, are very merry.

Reydon this midnight moral grouch,
Thus' spurious hall and to the rest,
Like a gaudy gaudy—
Is the regular gaudy—comes;
Where many thousands nightly come,
Plashed with manhood's early bloom,
To court, sive! an' awfu' doon,
And find a bairn!

Here the gauze roll over on,
Bairnlets, joker, dice, and kens,
Makin' a bairn's bairn's bairn's bairn,
Gays are free from sea to sea.
And I haven't yet begun
To tell the many gauzes that "run,"
To the "bairns" that are bairn open,
Or the bairns that have been broken,
Or the bairns that are bairn broken,
That bairns—ever—ever—
From a bairn's bairn's bairn's bairn.

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STIR UP THE SOIL.

WRITING FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY ETHEL DANE.

Stir up the soil that ploughmen hold,
Till it is fit to bring a hundred fold;
It is better to be the head,
Than to be the tail;—the tail often
Does more to bring the head down;—
Puck every tail, for sure there'll be
A hundred from thy tail.

For here the fiery, matchless earth,
Is born by the tail, and rains
And from the labor of thy tail,
A man reward there's none;
But brother, is there not within
A greater work for us to do,
Than to stir up every tail,
From all humanity?

Stir up the tail in thine own heart,
Till it is fit to bring a hundred fold;
The tail of man, and love of world
Is all the bane of the world;
The tail of man, and love of world,
Go work in the kingdom of heart,
And God will give thee all.

TWO

NEWSPAPER PARAGRAPHS.

WRITING FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

One was always reminded of the statue of Liberty when looking at Muriel Bashford. Bruce Spenser thought of the resemblance the first time he ever saw her, and he thought of it again as she came in through the gate and up the path to the door that night, port-folio in hand.

There was nothing doll-like or dainty about face or figure. It was all grand, complete, healthful, from classic head to high-arched foot. Not over tall, but so erect in figure that most people thought her very tall at first sight. Her throat was like a column—large, round, and white as marble. There was no feminine droop to the shoulders, but they were almost square, and she carried them well back. And the waist was neither padded nor pinched, yet her robes always fitted to perfection, and people exclaimed, "What a beautiful figure!" when she moved across a room.

She lifted her dark gray eyes and saw Bruce at the window, and nodded and smiled as she came up the steps. He met her in the hall.

"We have waited supper half an hour for you, Miss Muriel, and I am glad you have come, for I am just on the verge of starvation."

Muriel hung her broad-brimmed hat on a hook, and placed her portfolio in a seat.

"Thank you for your compliment!" she laughed. "You are glad to see me, because you can now have my supper. Just like a man. They are never cold or pleased about anything unless they have some selfish motive underneath. But all are not as frank as you in naming it. I will go to my room and wash my hands and face, and then you shall have your supper."

She turned to go, but Bruce caught her hands and held her back.

"No, you cannot go until you take back those words, and say you have a better opinion of me than that." He held her hands and looked in her proud, high-bred face until a streak of color stained her marble-like cheeks.

"Well, what shall I say?"

"Say that you do not consider me selfish or mean, as your words just now signified."

"No, I do not," she said so earnestly that Bruce's heart gave a great leap. "I think you could not do a selfish or mean act if you should try. I think you are the best man I ever saw—the only man I would trust or believe—there."

She broke away before he could say a word, and two moments later came down to the supper table as cool and stately and unconcerned again as the statue of Liberty.

"What kept you to-night?" Mrs. Spenser queried at table.

"A new scholar, a little lame boy, who arrived this afternoon, and wished to take drawing lessons. After I dismissed my class, I was making arrangements with the boy's father and looking at the boy's pencil sketches. He has never taken lessons, and he is a little genius."

Miss Bashford was a teacher of drawing and painting, and occupied a position in Clinton Seminary. She had come nearly eighteen months before with a reference from a Boston academy of art, and had held the position ever since. She said she was an orphan, dependent upon her own exertions for support—that she had no home and few friends, and this seemed to be true, for she spent all her vacations in Clinton, and neither wrote nor received letters. She chatted gaily upon indifferent topics at table, and seemed to have forgotten the little episode in the hall. But Bruce had not, and he followed her into the parlor when she left the table. She saw him come in, and saw, too, what was in his face, and turned to escape him, but he put out his hand and drew her down upon the sofa and held her there.

"You shall not run," he said, "until you have listened to me again. You gave me courage to-night to tell you my story."

She did not flinch, but seemed to grow paler under his earnest and commanding gaze.

"Don't!" she said, putting up her hand. "But Bruce did not heed her. "If you repeat, and stand, and believe in me," he said, "it seems to me you might know to love me, and I believe I could make you happy—perhaps, forever then?"

"I have not told you repeatedly that there is an insuperable gulf between us? What is the use of going all over this again?"

"A great deal of use, I think. I do not believe in your insuperable gulf. I question you what it is, and you cannot tell me, only that our positions are so different, and that is all nonsense and no gulf at all. There is nothing on earth could separate you from me but death or marriage. We are both in good health, and so long as you are unmarried I shall follow you wherever you go, and renew my promise at certain periods."

Something like a smile flitted over her face. "You are very persistent," she said, "but I tell you it would be wrong for me to marry you."

"And I tell you that is all nonsense. I am willing to induce you to do wrong if it is in that way. I am sure you would be happier as my wife than you are now."

A glow and color shot into Muriel Bashford's face.

"Yes, or than I ever was before," she said quickly, and then her lip at her thought-lessem.

Brace's eyes shone with triumph.

"Then we will stop over the insuperable gulf just in this way," he said, slipping his arm around her, and drawing her to his heart. "See how easy it is! and we will seal our compact in this way," kissing her beautiful mouth. "And now you are mine, and I shall do the world to wretched you from my arms. You love me, and I love you, and it will make us mutually happy to be married. Let me see! this is August; we will be married in just one month, shall we not?"

Her head was on his breast, her face hidden. He lifted it with one hand, and looked smilingly down upon her. She was fairly glowing with blissful emotion, and her eyes danced with their fearful brilliancy. He

raised his on her lips and cheeks, and strained her to his heart. At last she spoke, when he planned for an early day to be married.

"In October," she said. "Not sooner. I will marry you then."

"And never speak of that impossible gulf again," Bruce said. "We have crossed it, and henceforth our paths run together."

She never did speak of it in all the bright days that followed. She seemed to have got all those thoughts away, and just revolved in the happy present. She was never so beautiful, never so lovely, never so fascinating before. Bruce congratulated himself every day, upon the possession of such a treasure. She was like the statue of Liberty, glowing and beaming with color and fire.

"How strange that you have lived to be twenty-five years old," he said to her one day, "and never married. Beautiful women like you, seldom pass into their twentieths single."

"I was waiting for you," she said, turning her eyes dazzling with their strange brilliancy, upon him. "I know my king was somewhere, and I should find him."

He slipped his arm about her waist and drew her head to his shoulder. "Did you never love any one before me?" he asked, man-like, looking down upon her.

"You, once," she answered, looking him full in the eye, "or rather I fancied that I loved him, for I was young—only sixteen, and did not know my heart."

"And were you engaged?"

"Yes."

"And why did you not marry him?"

"He grew dissipated, and brutal, and drunken, and I freed myself from him," she said, not looking in his eyes now. "I grew to despise him more than I ever loved him."

"What became of him? Did he marry?"

"Yes! and I treated his wife like a brute. No tongue can tell what she suffered. Oh, I feel every day that I cannot be thankful enough, that I broke loose from him when I did her upon his shoulder." "Foolish," he whispered, "it is all past, and nothing to joy await you in the future. How glad I am something did occur to make you break that engagement. I should have coveted my neighbor's wife, and so broken commandment."

"But you would never have seen me if the engagement had not been broken," she laughed.

"But I should have longed for you, nevertheless, and have felt an incompleteness in my life, I know, without you."

"Did you never love any other woman before you saw me?"

"No, I can say that truthfully. I have fancied half a dozen, and I was just trying to make myself believe that I was in love when I met you. The first glance of your eyes Who was me of my error."

"I would not tell you, were you not so nearly my wife. It would not be fair. But it can do no harm. It was little Ada Dyer, the rector's daughter. She never gave me much encouragement, and quite likely never guessed that I admired her. But mother had been teasing me to marry for three years, and I had been trying to fall in love with some nice girl, for so long, and was just beginning to think I had succeeded, when you came, and taught me what love was. I did not need to try to love you. Ah, darling! but I had to fight hard to get you. There is an old saying 'three times and win,' and I proposed four times to you before you consented, and it should have been four hundred, rather than give you up."

"Yes," she said. "It was four times. I want you to remember that. If the time ever comes—if you ever think I did wrong to marry you, and you see the vast difference in our stations as I have seen it all along, I want you to remember then, that I raised your pisa, three times—that I did not seek your love and fought bravely against it a long time, but at last yielded to you, and to my own loving heart."

She spoke earnestly, but he laughed at her gravity, and kissed her tenderly.

"How foolish," he said, "as if such a time would ever come."

It was early in September when Bruce received a letter from Harry Doyle, an old college friend, who had just returned from England, and was coming to visit him.

"I am glad he is coming," Bruce said to Muriel, "I want him to see you, and you to see him. Harry is my best friend, and a splendid fellow. He has been travelling for the last two years."

A few days later he came. Muriel was at the seminary when he arrived. She would be through there until the last of September.

Bruce and Harry were in the garden, walking, talking and smoking, as she came up the path.

Bruce went to her side, and introduced her. She welcomed his friend with dignified grace, and easy composure. But Harry just seemed hardly speaking.

"Excuse my pardon me—" he stammered, and laughed. "but I was so taken aback by Miss Bashford's remarkable resemblance to a lady I once knew that I forgot the customary civilities. I thought at first it must be she."

"Come, come, my lady, none o' that. That's a sort of medicine that won't go down. You are my wife; and I have come for you. Been looking for you some time, but had given up all hope, till a lucky chance sent me against Mr. Doyle—the fellow who used to board with us. He asked for my wife, (you remember I was jealous of him—so far he took a real shine to you, Hotty,) and when I told him he had left my bed and board most two years ago, and ran off and hid where I could not find you, he struck his hands together, and said he knew where you were. I allus' suspected you'd gone with him; you left so soon after he went away; but I see you; I was mistaken. Never mind, I've found you, my love, at last; and you are prettier than ever, as I live."

The drunken leer upon his face was sickening to behold; and no wonder Muriel shrank back in disgust and fear.

"Bruce! will you let him stay here, and pour out his insincere folly?" she cried. "I tell you he is a man. Man, I do not know you; I never saw you; I am nothing to you. Now go and leave us."

"Come, come, none o' that, I say!" he growled gruffly. "You've got more brains than I have; and I have no credit for Het; but you've gone far enough. You darstn't show the palm of your left hand. That has a scar across it that I made with a knife once, when I tried to beat you, and you fought me."

"Never mind," said the pale woman, turning her face away, "I'll not worth regretting, Luke."

"I know," replied the other, "but I loved him so, Christia, and it was so cruel in him to desert me for you, just on account of your money."

"Don't," said Miss Koyden, putting her hand gently over the girl's mouth, "let us forget him from henceforth. If I had only had him before I left."

Lucie raised herself on one elbow, and looked keenly in her cousin's face.

"Why, did you love him so?" she asked. Miss Koyden answered quickly.

"Not that; but I am afraid he can reasonably charge me with coquetry. But it is down now; let me get up, Lucie. I am to be ready in half an hour to drive with Major Lyndall."

Bruce never spoke. He turned away and walked to the window, great drops of water standing on his forehead. For one moment there was a dead silence, and then Muriel rose up. She seemed inches taller than she was before, and the whiteness of her face contrasted strangely with the glittering blackness of her eyes, that had grown dark all in a moment.

"Bruce!" she said, in a quick, sharp voice that he could hardly believe her, "Bruce, listen. I am this man's wife. I married him when I was sixteen years old. I thought I loved him. He was very different then; gay, handsome, fascinating, and I was a silly young girl, easily dazzled by a flashy exterior. I married him and endured for seven years all the tortures of hell. You heard Harry Doyle speak of the brute and vagabond, when she

knows she is powerless to reclaim him. No, she is no kin of mine."

"A splendid creature," repeated Harry again that evening as he saw her walking in the shrubbery. "I almost envy you, Bruce. You are a lucky dog."

Bruce smiled complacently with a soft light in his eyes.

"Can't you stay to my wedding?" he asked. "It comes off in four weeks from to-morrow."

"So soon?"

"Yes. I only came for a flying visit. I have some friends here in Vermont, in the northern part of the State that I must go to, and then I am off to Montreal. I think I shall settle there in business. There is a good opening for me."

"Good! go there and marry and settle down, or rather go settle, and then marry—go before the bird you know—and then Muriel and I will visit you, and see the woman who is so wonderfully like her."

"How did you like my friend?" Bruce asked the night the Major Lyndall was banting Max about so soon forgetting me. I had been educated in a convent, and know I was competent to teach drawing. But I had no certificates. I had a half sister who died when I was a little girl. All her possessions fell to me, her only living relative. Among her papers was a certificate of her competency to teach drawing from a Boston art academy, where she was educated. I made an exact copy of this, only using the name I had assumed. I came to this little hamlet, hidden between the mountains of Vermont, and thought I should be safe."

For a moment Bruce forgot everything, but his love for her, and the wrongs she had suffered, and that he was now to lose her, and looked toward her, and clasped her in his arms.

"Daring," he cried, "we must part for a time, but God will give you to me at length. I can wait years, for I know you will be mine at last," and he raised his eyes to her white lips.

She went away early the next morning.

Bruce sat by the window, while James Fawville lay in the village inn beside drunk. Before she went he said to him:

"She comes to me every day, and I am not to be separated from her."

"Daring!" she whispered, "no one shall ever take me from you; I will die first."

They were happy lovers in the bright Indian summer days that followed. Not shadow of any kind over shadowed Muriel's face.

And the days passed by, to the ninth of October, the wedding was to be upon the tenth.

Ada Dyer looked at her in church, a quiet sadness in her gaze, and thought, "No man can tell what she suffered."

Ada Dyer, passing on the side,

"I grow every day, but I am not to be separated from her."

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was his comfort in such matters, but I know well enough who he meant when he said there was but one woman in the world who could ever be his wife."

"(Oh! are you sure?" pleaded the girl. "There that he never said those cruel words!"

"Since I could stake my life on his honor, he never mentioned your name to me but in terms of deepest respect and reverence. Christine, you have been deceived!"

"I know it," she moaned, "and now when it is too late."

"No," he said in a swift whisper, "though it is worse than death to resign you to another, I will find Max Carmenschein and send him to you. Let me kiss you, Christine, my darling. It will be the last time."

He touched his lips softly to her forehead, a sense of one bowers on the loved dead, just as they are to be shut from sight forever, than he was gone. She lingered by the lakeside until the twilight fell over the water, then *discreetly* she drew her shawl about her and went slowly homeward. The days passed, summer waned again, and autumn came in gold and crimson. No word arrived from Major Lyndall, but Christine knew that he was working for her.

Still as time passed and winter was almost gone, her heart sank at the thought that perhaps her good, kind friend had found her lover united to some foreign lady, and happy in domestic felicity untroubled of days past, and herself forgotten. But there was still a tiny hope in her heart, that her king of men was loyal yet, and would some day come back to her. He might be dead! O dreadful thought! His heart might beat alone for her in life, but that would not preclude the death-angel from taking him from her without a word first, or one glance of love.

Christine was twenty-three now, and very beautiful. The early summer was drooping over the country, bringing out the thick green leaves on the trees, and warning the flowers into budding beauty and fragrance. Miss Keyling had dismissed the children who lived and lovingly, and kissing the last closed mouth had heard the last patter of feet down stairs. She put on her ring of white cordandy and lied on her bed, then from an unconscious impulse, she threw her hat down again, and ran her fingers over the keys of the organ. No glad summer comes; only thrills of angel music, and notes as of suffering spirits waiting to be released from pain. She played on and on until the declining sun threw its radiance upon the chancel window, bringing into life the man and toll-spent Christ, and making the drops on his forehead gleam blood-red. A breeze from an open window fluttered loose bouquets of flowers strewn on the organ, and stirred the panes in her yellow hair, which the hands of the living children had placed there. Her eyes drooping on the keys before her, and veiled by their long lashes did not observe the form in the doorway, nor until it had advanced and stood close beside her. A man with a face so handsome that sorad had only made it more tender and winning and the eyes more deeply luminous than ever. She sprang up with a glad cry, that perfect massive form she would have known anywhere, even if the dearly loved face were not visible. He spanned his arms. "Christine!" But she sank trembling on her seat again, and covered her face with her hands.

How could she meet this man whom she had so wronged? He came to her and took the slight form in his arms.

"Christine, my darling, could you not trust me? I would believe in you if all the world said 'nay'."

She raised her sweet face aglow with love and feeling, and asked softly, "Did you meet Major Lyndall, and did he tell you all?"

"Yes," he said, "I met him and but for him I should not be here. But I must hear it from your own lips, Christine."

"Oh! Max," she said, turning her face so that he had only a view of one blushing cheek, "I loved you all the time."

So they went out from the church together, the chancel-windows all aglow with crimson and golden glory, and the patient Christ's holy upraised glance a "benedict."

In the early autumn they were married, and then it transpired that Christine's guardian had embarked in a ship with his ill-gotten gains, which when mid-way across the sea sank; so her money found a grave in the ocean after all.

BROKEN FRIENDSHIP.

When, after valuing a friend for years, after believing in his truth and excellence, or her truth and excellence after holding some one dear, and finding that mutual appreciation has bound us together, how bitter it is to find that we have been taken! I know of no moment which is more bitter, save those which fly as we bend over the pillows where those we love lie dying. We say very little, perhaps, then, or at any time. We are not angry; we have no wish for revenge; we go quietly up to our own room and sit down to think. If it were only a case of broken love-selves, we could solace ourselves with consolation. We could say that "to be with one we love, doth work like medicine on the brain." We could ask, "Could no other arm be found, save the one that once embraced me, to inflict such a wound?" But it was "only a friend." There lies the volume, sacred because that hand gave it, and wrote your name in it. There the bouquet of faded violets, treasured until Aunt Betsy had asked twice, "why you don't throw them away?" There the photograph that, for very preciousness, was kept apart. Any one may borrow the book now. The flowers may go into the dustpan. Aunt Betsy may put the picture into anybody's photograph album. People will tell you that most friendships end thus; that it is best not to believe you have a friend until the odds are over him, and then to think that he might have been as bad as the rest, had he lived a little longer. A love affair, now, there is romance in that. But just a friend—nothing more; why, you'd be laughed at. So you never speak of it. You bury it in your heart, and *repent* of it over and over. A few tears, and now and then a bitter shiver will tell you that "some one is passing over your grave."

"Mammies do not look as though they were in a hurry, yet it is certain that at first they must have been pressed for time."

"During a hunt in Kentucky, a pointer came to a point on a railroad track, just as a train was approaching, and his instinct cast him life."

A young married man was remarking to some one after the men, who his wife indignantly said, "You know, my dear, that I never ran after you." "That may be," he replied, "but you took mighty good care not to get out of the way."

"BALDNESS. More baldness among ladies has been caused by the prevailing fashion of wearing heavy kroons of false hair on the top of the head, during the last two years, than in a decade before. This is the unanimous testimony of physicians."

"There is a certain softness of manner which, in either man or woman, adds a charm that almost entirely compensates for lack of beauty."

"One who wishes the world to know what he knows about farming, says that the best way to raise strawberries is with a spade."

"Many a true heart that would have come back, like the dove to the ark, after its first transgression, has been frightened beyond recall, by the savage cruelty of an unloving spirit."

LOVE'S QUIX.

55 prove not well where love is 'told'!
I have made many a secret love-night,
Unto the sun were in the sky,
To take him thence and chide him now
Would make his beauty disappear.

He leaves his state—do those keep still,
And shuns upon me from afar!
The shall I lead to light divine,
'Twas here that Love's own guiding-star,
So that thy guidance should not die.

But all thy life shall teach me how
Of love to love, and when the face
Be one who loves me from perfect grace.
My love, my love, my all shall be
To look to Heaven and look to time.

Thus eyes shall be the heavenly lights;
They shall be the sun of perfect night,
The mortal hope of body and form,
And I will tell you of the love of love!
A research in thy realm complete,
And I a research in thy love!

Heathersley Grange,

OR, THE WRECKERS OF THE CORNISH COAST.

A RESEARCH OF THE DAYS OF THE YOUNG PRETENDER.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHICH SPEAKS OF THE RESULTS OF DIGGING A GRAVE WITHOUT PERMISSION OF THE OWNER.

Hugh Hatterick, having left behind him at Treverag, the sexton of his sexton, who could take the captaincy of his men, and never dreaming how his newest steers were being overshadowed by old Mould, the sexton, proceeded exultingly towards the village whilst Violet Armstrong had fled.

The place which she had selected for her sojourn away from the home of her birth, was a beautiful little village in Devonshire, which, in the summer time, was redolent of flowers and sweet odors, and which, even in winter, had an air of freshness and pleasant shadow about it.

The rough wrecker took but little heed of the beauties of Nature. His mind was full of the object for which he came—the compulsory union of himself to the one whom his dark heart had chosen, and who was so utterly resolved not to be his.

He soon came upon her aunt's dwelling, a pretty cottage, sheltered with sundry evergreens, rendering it pleasant and cheerful, and the first object that met his eyes, as he advanced upon the garden, was Violet Armstrong herself sitting at the window. The casement was not open, for the wind blew far too keenly, but he could see her pretty face bent over a book, and could watch the cold sunlight of winter toying in chilly playfulness on her glossycurls.

"She's pretty as an angel," he muttered, as he strode up to the porch, "and she shall be mine, or I'll lose both my hardly won treasures and my life."

He had dressed himself in better style than usual, and had contrived to give a far less villainous appearance to his person altogether, that for a moment Violet, who unhesitatingly opened the door, did not know him.

"What is—oh, Mr. Hatterick! what do you here?" she cried, starting back.

"Nay, then do not be alarmed," he said, endeavoring to smile pleasantly. "I bring you a letter from your father."

With this, he drew from his pocket a note, and presented it to her. The young girl accepted it from his hand with a tremble and a shudder.

What could it be? What terrible event had occurred, or what terrible event was about to happen, that her father should send her a letter by Hugh Hatterick?

She sat down in the little window to read it, and opening it perused it calmly. Calmly she regards exclamations and outward signs, though her hands were at length raised to her bosom, and pressed over its throbbing softness, as if she feared that her heart would break through its gentle confinement.

"So this is my father's command," she said at length, in a low voice, and one which might have sent a chill to the soul of any one less hardened, less vicious, than Hugh Hatterick. "What, away from him, away from his home? What can come out, it must be exposed; but this dreadful wrong shall not, and cannot be done."

The wrecker laughed. "Wrong, do you call it," he cried, "wrong, when the very one upon whom your heart is set is playing you false; wrong, when to refuse will be to condemn your father to a scaffold, your lover's father to an ignominious death. Ah! you may glare at me, but I tell you truth. And why do I know it? Because I am the man who can do all this; I am the one who holds the proofs, and, by Heaven, if you wed another I will do it, if I fall with them in the general ruin."

"Indeed! and whose grave is it, then?"

The sexton laughed again. "No; not mine; the grave of a deadly enemy. I am digging deep, digging for his father's coffin, and telling that when he dies he may lie on his old man's grave."

"I see; but why so late?"

"It is a fancy of mine—a pet grave. I'm not going to charge any one anything for this work."

"Indeed! and whose grave is it, then?"

The sexton laughed again. "No; not mine; the grave of a deadly enemy. I am digging deep, digging for his father's coffin, and telling that when he dies he may lie on his old man's grave."

"I see; but why so late?"

"Curse him!" muttered Pouncefort, "he's always getting himself into scrapes of late. Ever since that girl, Violet Armstrong, ran away with him, he's been like a dog."

"Fear not," said Henry; "his threads may, after all, be but idle ones. He is helpless now to do mischief, at any rate, for a time. I met him this very night in the churchyard endeavoring to murder the old sexton, and I ran him through the shoulder with my sword, and flung him into an open grave. If he is not dead, he is, at least, powerless to move."

"It seems a dangerous wish," said Violet, "but it would be better for all were he dead. But tell me, dear Henry, how matters progress at home."

"In what way?"

"Hugh Hatterick laughed loudly, when his name was accidentally mentioned, saying, "Ha, ha! as will never return to England."

"I have seen to that," said Henry, "if such happens to him, it will be a misfortune also for you and me."

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"It seems a dangerous wish," said

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SONG FOR NOVEMBER.

The hours pass us by,
The pale moon is falling,
The evening birds are silent,
The harsh winds are waiting;
The day has almost gone;
The stars are more or less bright;
Worthless because weaker,
Cold winter stronger;
Yet, in this hour of gloom,
The eye can never,
The world's strength is failing,
Blossoms forever.

Life is fast sinking,
Sun-like and bright,
As out of the heaven
For the great night,
You are here,
Leaving this earth-place,
Knowing the grave is
Also a birth-place;
And, like a dream,
With God-like power vented,
Will it not burst into
Blossoms eternal?

Heathersley Grange;

or, THE

WRECKERS OF THE CORNISH COAST.

A RUBRIC OF THE DAYS OF THE YOUNG PIONEER.

CHAPTER XX.

AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW FACE.

Hugh Hatterick lay clutching the clothes firmly for some moments after the old sexton had quitted his room; but gradually the false strength which his anger had given to him faded away, and he sank exhausted on his pillow.

"Come this weekness," he cried, "which renders me the plaything of such a drivelling old fool as Mould. Oh, that I could have sprung upon him, and wrenched those papers from his grasp! What can he mean?"

A flash of violet lightning, that lit up the dismal room, and was followed by a fearful crash of thunder, interrupted his speech for a moment.

"Just such another night," he murmured, as the echoes died away, "just such another night was it when I snatched my brother off to the plantations! Plague on that old idiot! what does he wish me to believe? that he has killed my own brother, and that the son of the Harbor-master lives? No, no, I will not believe it; I will not believe it!"

He paused a moment. Then a new idea struck him. "How is it that this old villain comes to me with such a tale? How does he know I stabbed young Armstrong? How knows he aught of that night of crime? He watches everywhere; his eyes are like those of a lynx. I must get well and strong again, and then my first business must be to destroy him."

Then came another flash, and another roll of heaven's artillery, as he spoke, and then was heard a loud knocking at the door. Hugh Hatterick trembled. People in those days were deeply imbued with superstition, and he almost feared the sounds which told him of a visitant at such an unseemly and unexpected hour.

He was not kept long in suspense, however. The old housekeeper opened the door; a gust of damp and chilly wind rushed in, and a tall man wrapped in a cloak entered abruptly, as if fearful of the storm.

"Can I speak to Mr. Hatterick?" he asked.

"Well, sir," began the woman, "he is very ill; but I suppose he will see you. I will go and ask."

"Bring him in," cried Hugh Hatterick, in a hoarse, half-smothered voice, "bring him in; anything is better than this incessant quiet—this gnawing solitude; bring him in." The housekeeper, who had heard every word which the old sexton had said, and was inwardly chuckling at the knowledge how far she had her master in her power, at once obeyed and ushered the stranger into the study—a room.

He was a tall, square-built man; that was all that you could tell as he advanced into the room with his hat drawn down over his brows, and his storm-clock wrapped closely round him; but when he threw off this and his hat, you saw it was Richard Langton, heir-at-law to the Heathersley estate. He sat down as if the place were his own.

"You're a rough sort of home here, Mr. Hatterick," he said. "Very rough indeed for a man who is ill, and has plenty of money also. I'm right, eh?"

Hugh Hatterick surveyed the new-comer with some degree of scorn and anger. "Pray, sir," he said, "who are you? I'm not the man to allow strangers to come here prying into my affairs and give me advice. Tell me your name, and the purpose of your visit, or—go."

"You are facetious, very," answered Langton. "Turn a man out into such a kompe, and so on, eh? But you are ill, and I do not wish to distress you. I had better come to the point at once."

"Much better," muttered the wrecker to himself. "Explain."

"Yes, truly, quite right," said Langton. "But tell me, Hugh Hatterick, is it possible you do not know me?"

The wrecker looked long and searchingly into the face of the speaker. There was something new in the voice and features which seemed familiar, but even now he could not bring to his recollection the time and place which had first brought them before him.

"Well," repeated Langton, "do you remember me?"

"I do not," replied Hugh Hatterick, "I do not. There is something about you which seems like a memory of the past—something which reminds me very forcibly of early days, but I don't know you, and cannot remember, and so it is no use trying. You must tell me all about it yourself."

"Well, then, since your memory is so bad," replied Richard Langton, "I'll remind you. Some ten years since there stood some three miles from Trevegar, an old mansion, or rather, a castle, called Trevegar Mount. Do you remember that?"

"I do; it was burnt down."

"It was, some five years ago. At Trevegar Mount, the time to which I allude, lived a family of the name of Langton. The eldest son, Richard, was a wild sort of fellow; he was about thirty at the period I speak of, and nothing delighted him more than mingling with the rough fishermen, and joining them in their desperate enterprises. Heir to a good property—anticipated heir, in fact, for, failing him, no heir existed—he was yet so thoroughly imbued with a delight for almost savage adventures, he favored smuggling, and was fond in robbing, and—especially when his father died—was foremost in all the most desperate scenes on this wild coast. Do you follow me?"

"Well, as it went on, until five years ago, High revel used to be held in the castle, and the neighboring gentry used to scorn, while they feared, the wild man who lived such a life and conversed with such company. At length things came to such a pass that the authorities could no longer shut their eyes to the truth, and at the very moment when Trevegar Mount was crammed from top to bottom with smuggled goods, a descent was made upon it. Do you remember this?"

"I do. I remember it well," said Hugh Hatterick. "I remember, too, how the coast-guard attacked the place, and how Richard Langton treasured them as thieves and marauders, and defended the place against them. I remember that the place was burnt to the ground, and all trace of the smuggled goods destroyed; that charred bodies of men and women were taken up among the ashes, and

that Richard Langton demanded satisfaction from the Government, and received it."

"Your memory serves you well," replied Langton; "but to eat a long story short, you do not remember the most particular point of all. This Richard Langton, who used to be so brazen and wild, has changed his mode of life, and this new mode of life has altered his appearance. I am he."

The wrecker eyed him closely.

"I recognize you now," he said, "though you are greatly changed. When you first spoke, your manner was so different from what it was in years gone by, that I could not give credence to your words; but now that I have heard you speaking of old times, I recognize something of the old fire. So, you are Richard Langton, and being he what do you require of Hugh Hatterick?"

"Something which you, and only you, can perform, as I require it done," said Langton. "But I am ill, and may remain so for some time yet; what, then, if I refuse?"

Langton smiled.

"Refuse is a word I don't understand," he said, "as applied to anything I desire done. I am quite prepared to show you the folly of any such idea."

The wrecker uttered a low curse between his teeth. "Speak on," he cried, "what with my last visitor and you my head begins to ache."

"Probably," said Langton, "but my exertion will not last long. On one occasion Hugh Hatterick loved a girl who hated him, and who was upon a certain day to be married to another. On the evening before the marriage she was wandering all her hours down a wall to which Hugh had dropped his knife. I saw it all and so did other whose names I have not revealed, and I made public a confession of this crime before I made public not to deliver you up to the mercy of the authorities."

"Well, the steward is dead," said Hugh Hatterick, boldly.

"No, no, he lives," said Langton, "he is Richard Mould, sexton of Trevegar."

"Villain!" exclaimed Hugh Hatterick, "what would you have me to do?"

Langton laughed.

"Positively nothing to speak of," he said, "after all this preamble, it will appear quite absurd, but you will do it of course."

"Yes, you, when my strength returns," said Hugh, hoarsely, "speak on."

"Well, then," said Langton, lowering his voice. "I must explain matters from the beginning. Listen carefully."

He then detailed briefly the matters of which he had spoken to Sir Digby Heathersley.

"You see it all seems fair and square enough," he added, "but it is not so. The money due to Sir George Heathersley from Sir Digby is due on marriage. Do you follow me?"

"Well," growled the wrecker.

"Well, for some reason or another Sir George Heathersley instead of depositing those papers with a man of business, carried them constantly about with him. Now when he died these papers were not on his person; he must, therefore, have deposited them in some place at Heathersley Grange. Do you understand me?"

"I think I do," said the wrecker, "you want me to find them for you and take all the blame. I don't much care about being shot as a burglar, for robber as I may be I have fought boldly for my treasures, and never crept into a man's house sneaking and under cover of the night."

He was quite amusing to hear the indignant manner in which the wrecker repudiated this peculiar kind of villainy.

"The reward will be great," said Langton, "because of course you are aware that without these mortgages I can do nothing. If these were destroyed the property would still be in the hands of Sir Digby."

"I require no reward," replied Hugh Hatterick, "I have abundance of money of my own. I care not for the enterprise."

"But supposing," said the heir-at-law, quietly, "supposing that I say you must do?"

"I do not understand the word," cried Hugh, "it is one which has never been used to me. I refuse."

"Very well, then," replied Langton, "very well, in that case I shall at once lay before the authorities the entire details of the murder of the girl you loved, and you will take the consequences."

Oh, how the desperate wrecker cursed him in his heart; oh! how bitterly he regretted the illness which kept him tied down helpless, and prevented the outbursting of rage, which would have been the destruction, at any cost, of his enemies.

Twice on that evening he had been made to feel his helplessness.

"You are my master for the time, Richard Langton," he said, in a thick, choking voice, "and I will do your bidding. Do you not fear, however, the hate and anger that will be aroused in my heart? Do you not fear my vengeance in the future?"

"No," said Langton, with a smile, "no, I take it quietly; but, eh? I've seen a good deal of desperate work in my time, and don't think it right to be afraid of one man. Do you, eh? But, come, since you have consented, we'll put off all talk of vengeance and so on, for a time, and stick to business."

"I do not understand the word," cried Hugh, "it is one which has never been used to me. I refuse."

"A month is a long time," said Richard Langton, "but still I'll give you that time, as you have been desperately wounded by the man who ought to have killed you. But remember, I shall be on the watch. I shall know when you are well; when you will be ready. I shall then make it my business to be at Heathersley Grange. I shall let you and your two or three companions in (for you know you must have companions), and then, under my directions, you can explore the house. You understand?"

"Yes, yes, I do," said Hugh Hatterick, "and now, if that is all, go and leave me in peace."

Richard Langton arose.

"Not polite are you now, but I don't expect it. Ill and in pain, and so on. But remember, as I said before, I shall be on the watch, and so don't try and deceive me."

So saying, without saying where he was going, or mentioning the date which he proposed for theбурглар entry of Heathersley Grange, he passed away from the room.

Hugh Hatterick watched him with interest.

"Another to be gotten out of the way, he said, as his enemy left him: "First, old Mould, the sexton, and secondly, that expectant heir-at-law. I must destroy all evidence of my former crime, which I imagined had lied forever in the darkness, and what strange means he would employ to thwart him."

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"I sleep no more that night, as may be imagined—and very early on the following morning, I started for Paris. On the road to Laval, the first day's journey, I met no adventures—but as soon as darkness came on, I became conscious of some one following me, or rather dogging my footsteps, and just as I reached the bridge, which leads into the town, a bullet whistled through my hair."

"The villain," murmured Alice, with a shudder.

Then she proceeded with deeper interest still so deep, indeed, that she did not notice a tall figure that glided into the corridor, and seeing her, cause stealthily up to her chair, and listened and watched.

"I immediately," she continued, reading half aloud from her lover's letter, "I immediately leaped out of bed, and pursued the villain, sword in hand, but it was in vain. He was nowhere to be seen, and although I aroused the house, not a trace of him could anywhere be found. I have no reason to believe that the landlord of the inn was in any way in league with the villain—indeed, I have only imagined that he was well acquainted with the house, and escaped through some secret door."

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

(Nov. 25, 1871)

OUR NEW DEPARTURE!

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HALF A CENTURY OLD.

ENTIRELY NEUTRAL IN POLITICS

That well-known literary weekly, *The Saturday Evening Post*, having just completed its half-a-century of existence, has resolved to celebrate the event by

A NEW DEPARTURE.

The size of *The Post* has therefore been enlarged fully one-third, (containing 48 long columns,) and it is now both the

Largest and Cheapest of the Family Papers! It will contain Novels, Illustrated Stories, Sketches, Poetry, Answers to Correspondents, &c., &c., &c.

ABLEST WRITERS

that can be procured—including Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne," Mrs. Margaret Hensett, Amanda M. Douglas, Mrs. Thoreau, Miss Wheeler, August Bell, Miss Stanley, Captain Garson, Little Dovercourt, Hooke, "Big" Mrs. Fahey, Mrs. Fendig, Mrs. M. L. S. Burke, Ebenezer H. Bedford, etc., etc., etc. It will be entirely NEUTRAL in politics.

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New Novels and Stories, long and short, are being continually published. Subscriptions, therefore, can begin at almost any time.

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As our enlarged paper will afford us the room, we shall devote about a column in every number to a summary of the most important and interesting news of the week.

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One Copy, 25c. One Copy of the Saturday Evening Post (\$2.00) and One of the Lady's Friend (\$2.00), for \$4.00.

Subscribers in British North America must remit twenty cents extra, as we have to pay the U. S. postage.

The paper or magazines in a club will be sent to different Post-offices, if desired.

The contents of *The Post* and of *The Lady's Friend* will always be entirely different.

Rentances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks payable to our order.

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SINGLE COPIES 5 Cents.

The Louisville *Ledger* gives the following statement of Kentucky's coverage: "Hello, dad, what you say for dat old blind mule, eh?" "Well, I dunno, guess I take thirty-five dollars." "Thirty-five dollars! I'll give you five." "Well, we have 'em; we won't stand on thirty dollars in a mule trade."

THEME

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOV. 25, 1871.

LARGE CLUBS.

We hope that those of our readers who are in the habit of getting up Clubs for *The Post*, will try to at least double their old lists. We are hoping to get a good many clubs of fifty subscribers for the coming year—and if the clubs should run up to one hundred, we should not complain. At the present enlarged size of *The Post*, it is so much cheaper than the other first-class Family papers, that we think it only needs to be laid before the community to be subscribed for at once by thousands of new patrons. Of course we must depend, in a great degree, upon our present subscribers to show *The Post* to their friends and neighbors, and speak a good word in our behalf.

A NEW NOVEL BY MRS. WOOD.

The talented author of "East Lynne," "Dane Hollow," &c., is now engaged upon a new Serial Story for *The Lady's Friend*. It is entitled

WITHIN THE MAZE;

on,

LADY ANDINIANS TRIAL.

This story will be commenced in the January number of *The Lady's Friend*, and will run through the year. This, in addition to the numerous other novels and stories which are to appear next year in *The Lady's Friend*, will, we think, give that magazine a proud position among the periodicals intended especially for the ladies.

The Lady's Friend (\$2.00) and *The Post* (\$2.00) are sent together for \$4.00 a year. In making up clubs for *The Post*, the *Lady's Friend* can be included at the same rates. The cost in the magazine and the paper is always different.

In what sharp and humiliating contrast to the recent history committed by our fellow Cossack at Los Angeles, stands out the prompt and generous response of the Chinese merchants of San Francisco to the appeal of suffering Chicago. The Alta California reprints what one of them said to the editor, in broken English:

"My leader in Alta, Mexican men town all must help you—lease up. Mexican men wante dollars; some time poor Mexican men strike Chinaman with blades; Chinaman no care. Also people Chicago losses everything wife and children burn out. Chinaman can also some my country people—rescue help. How muches dollars you want? I would dell. Also light; you not find enough money come me again; give another hand."

SCANDAL AT DINNER.

As a rule it is not a good thing to discuss bits of scandal at a public table, or in fact in any other place where interested strangers might be unwilling listeners. Besides being impudent, it is in bad taste.

It often occurs that, from an ignorance of facts, which are made in the subject matter of much discussion, which are inherently certain to bring abusive explanations upon the head or heads of the party making such disclosures.

An amusing case of the kind happened at a St. Louis hotel recently, in which, although the party claiming to have been injured was not at all interested, goes to show "what might have been." A gentleman connected with a mercantile house in that city, going to rather a late dinner, found at one of the tables where he occupies a seat, two young gentlemen in all the glories of new ready-made clothes, and who had evidently come from some flourishing "country city," for the purpose of having a limited good time.

Their conversation was principally upon the conquests they had, or fancied they had, made. Suddenly No. 1 broke out, "Oh, Frank, you remember about that Mrs. —— that we read about in the papers 'to her day'?"

"Well, you; why?" "Sent my card to her last night." "No, did ye though?" "Did, for a fact. She came down into the parlor, and we had quite a chat. She's gay."

"Oh, you rascal." Then followed sundry nods, winks, and further conversation, in which the name of the lady did not appear to great advantage as a loving and faithful wife. At this juncture the commercial gentleman looked up, and with an air of one injured, mixed with one of settled, stern, but mild severity, said:

"It is perhaps my duty, gentlemen, before this thing goes on any further, to inform you that the lady whose name you are using with such gross familiarity is my wife." This was a percussion shell, and silence reigned for a few seconds. One of the young fellows turned pale, while the other assumed a rosy hue. Then they exchanged colors, and blanched out some half uttered words.

"Yes," continued the gentleman, "and I have always supposed that some little eccentricities of my wife would not be taken advantage of, or subject her either to rude conduct or outrageous insults. I have the right to demand an apology."

The waiter coming up at that moment, asked them what they would have for dessert. With a sickly smile one of them fixed his eyes upon "frozen custard," while the other was entirely absorbed with "jelly."

Then they said they guessed they didn't care about anything more, and sneaked foolishly out.

When the merchant came out, he found them in the hall, looking as if they had just been engaged in settling a delicate question. One advanced and said:

"That was all confounded nonsense, you know."

"What was nonsense?"

"Why 'bout my having an interview with your wife. I jes' got it up as a joke on Frank, and am sorry for it."

He was then read a severe lesson by a man who had never seen the lady in question in his life, and told that hereafter he should be extremely cautious how he allowed his tongue to wag in such an unlicensed manner. And why should he not?

WHAT BUILDINGS ARE FIRE-PROOF.

The Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial has "interviewed" Mr. Mullet, the Government architect, on the subject of fire-proof buildings, and here are his opinions:

Mr. Mullet says there are very few fire-proof buildings in the United States. He ought to know, for he has had all the government buildings in the country on his hands for several years, and has built this best of them, and it is probable he has devoted as much time, study, and investigation to the subject as any architect to be found.

"Why, my friend," said he, "don't you know that granite when subjected to a strong heat, shrinks like dry plaster? It will melt, and heat, and damp, and rain, and everything else, but it won't resist fire. Marbles will not burn up as soon as granite. Sandstone is about the same, with some few exceptional varieties."

"Now, a good many blessed idiots think that if a vault is built of granite it is fire and burglar proof. Nothing of the sort. If I wanted to make a secure vault, I shouldn't make it of granite. A skillful burglar can get into a granite vault in no time."

"How?"

"Why, with a blow pipe. With a large blow-pipe, and a small, sharp blade well-handled, a burglar can crack a block of granite to pieces before you know it. When subjected to a severe heat it cracks and splits off in flakes, and you can crush it into sand with your fingers. Oh, no! a granite building is not fire-proof."

"Well, what sort of a building is fire-proof?"

"A granite building," he answered, without apparently noticing the question, "will stand heat a great while; so will marble a great while. But a wooden cupola, or steeple or tower, must not be put on top of it, like that on the Chicago Court House."

Granite isn't fire-proof," he continued, "but as I said before, it will stand a good deal. It is probable that the Court House would had not had it not been for the wooden cupola and the open windows. The Tribune office probably have stood if it had had iron shutters outside and inside on all the windows. Yet it is by no means certain, if the fire raged with the intensity that is described."

"What, then, is to be done?" I asked. "If granite and marble and sandstone are not fire-proof? Is not the Capitol, the Treasury, the Patent Office, the Post Office Department—not these fire-proof?"

"Why, bless your soul, not! Not one of them. But they are probably safe, for all that, because they stand away from other buildings—all except the Post Office. If we should have such a fire in Washington as that in Chicago I should fear for the Post Office building. Why, my dear sir," he continued, "a more snap-happy than ever, 'do you know there is but one fire-proof Government building in the country. That's the Appomattox Station in Philadelphia."

"Is it possible? And that is the only one?"

"Is it the only one I know of."

"Why, "tis the only one I know of."

"Is it possible?" And that is the only one?"

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"WATCH, MOTHER, WATCH."

Mother, watch the little boat
Crossing o'er the garden bay,
Swimming through the sun, and
Holding the moon in her hand;
Never count the moments lost,
Never mind the time till it costs;
Little lost will be young to gain;
Guide them, mother, while you may.

Mother, watch the little boat
Picking berries by the way,
Never mind what you eat;
Crossing up the fresh bay.
Never care the question ask;
"Why to me this way we go?"
These same little hands may prove
Monarchs straight and true.

Mother, watch the little boat
Practicing square and wide,
We'll never know what we eat;
By the bay, we'll be held;
Catch the wind while you amuse,
Stop the boat before we break;
These same fingers may prove
Monarchs straight and true.

Mother, watch the little boat
Rowing soft and warm for you;
What pleasant scenes now tempt;
Keep the boat while you amuse,
Sowing good and precious seed,
Harvest rich you then may see
Reaping for eternity.

FAITHLESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Basil Wayne sat down upon the cliffs, and watched the scene before him with very tender thoughts coming and going in his heart, like the white sea-birds ditting to and fro along the shore.

Below his feet the ocean stretched itself out, weird, vast, immeasurable. The waves sparkled in the soft September sunlight, and broke lastly in upon the beach in subdued measure. The air was full of hazy languor. The sky full of warmth and tenderness. Occasionally white sails, showing dimly against the purple horizon, passed his line of vision and faded like phantom ships in the distance, and were lost to view. Birds flapped slowly along the beach, or perched upon the crags, sunning their wings before taking flight to other lands.

Basil Wayne was "unning his wings" that afternoon. At nightfall he must take his flight to another land, and years go by before he could return.

The flutter of a scarlet shawl down the shore awoke him from the reverie into which he had fallen.

"She is coming," he said, and a tender light broke over his face, and he sang in a voice made rich and sweet with the love which found utterance in it:

"She is coming, my own, my sweet;
We're it ever so airy a tread;
My heart would hear her and beat;
My soul would have her and beat;
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and blossom under her feet,
And blossoms in purple and red."

She came up the rocky pathway, with the light breeze blowing her hair all about her fair face; a woman with bewildering blue eyes and dainty lips, and cheeks like the hearts of wild roses.

"Were you singing that for me, Basil?" she asked, coming up to him and putting her hand in his.

"All for you, Maud," he answered, holding her hand close. "All for you, darling."

"It is pleasant to think that there is some one who would be true to you in a world as false as men would have as believe this is," she said, smiling into his face as she spoke, her brown hair blown by the wind about her like a vapor of sunshine.

To Basil Wayne she seemed like some picture of a saint as she stood there before him, outlined against the purple haze of the western sky. Love so transfigures common clay to us, that we count it finest ware that ever left the hands of the Great Modeler.

Maud Moore was Basil's saint. She was all things fair and beautiful to him.

He saw her face in dreams, and heard her flute-like voice calling his name in the silent hours of night, and so, loving her with the strength and devotion of a man's strong heart which had never loved before, he saw the world in a different light than it had ever worn for him before and was happy.

"I cannot make it seem that I have come here to say good-bye to you," she said. "We have been so happy this brief sweet summer! The days have gone by so swiftly that I have not even noted their flight, and it seems like a dream when I think that you are going away, and years—three such long and lonesome years—must elapse before we shall meet again. I shall miss you before, Basil."

"Not more than I shall miss you," he answered. "Men may not love with more constancy than women, but I think they do with more intensity. At least a person of my nature, who can love but once in a lifetime. For me in all the world there can be but one Maud. Loving her I could never love another woman."

"Don't forget that," she said, archly.

"You men call us women fickle and fickle, but I doubt if your record would be fairer in that respect if we knew the truth about you. Women's lives are known to all the world, while men keep theirs out of sight in a great measure."

"Some men are false, I know," he answered. "But I can never be. That you may believe, come what may. Always trust me, Maud. I know that you will always be true to me, darling, and in death or life I shall be faithful to the only woman I have ever loved."

And so they sat together on the cliffs and talked, while the sun sank lower and lower adown the hazy western sky, and shone like a great red eye in the purple vapors piled about the horizon.

And at the sunset time they kissed good-bye and parted. He go beyond the sea which stretched before them so wide and vast, and she to wait for his coming back, and count the long, slow days that must elapse before he came again.

So she told him, and so he believed. And he was not the first man who believed a woman's words, and he will not be the last. So long as earth is green and time lasts, a man will believe the words of the woman he loves.

And thank God! all women are not false. Some we may believe, and by such women as these man judges those which may prove false to him.

A black, angry sky. Great masses of clouds scurrying across the scene, with vivid flashes of lightning darting through them and lighting them up furiously, and making a wild, weird effect, which a painter would have given the world to put upon canvas. The wind blew in great gusts from the sea, and howled among the rocks in mad merriment. The waves were lashed against the shore in white clouds of spray, and dashed themselves up the cliffs in the vain effort to reach the top, where men were watching the storm with anxious interest.

"A terrible gale," one old fisherman said to another who was huddled in the cold, searching wind, which drove in landward, laden with mist and spray.

"Ay, ay," answered his companion. "It will be rough on any vessel trying to make land-to-night."

Boon, boon!

Men shuddered and looked at each other with pitying faces as that sound came over the sudden roar of wind and water to their ears.

"The signal gun," an old sailor said, straining his eyes through the mist and vapor in the direction from which the sound had come.

"I see the ship," cried another, pointing out to sea. "Her rigging is all cut away, and only the bare hull is left, but I doubt if that stands this tearing gale till morning."

"We can do nothing for the crew," the other sailor said. "A boat couldn't live a minute in such a sea as this. It would be swamped a rod from shore. We can do nothing but wait. Perhaps we may be able to render some assistance if the ship should go to pieces."

Boom, boom!

Again that signal of distress, sounding like the muffled beat of a distant drum on a stormy battle-field, came echoing on landward.

"Poor souls! I pity them!" a woman said, as clinging to her husband's arm she climbed the cliff. "Can no help be afforded them?"

"None at all," her husband answered. "It would be certain death to venture out in such a gale."

Mad Vivian stood there while the wind howled and shrieked in the stunted pines upon the cliff, and thought of what had taken place there on an Autumn afternoon three years before. There, on that very cliff, she had said good-bye to Basil Wayne, and promised to be true and faithful to him, and now she stood there as John Vivian's wife.

"Ah well! So went the world! She had meant to be true and faithful. She had loved him, but she believed now that she had made the discovery that love isn't all there is to live for in life. Wealth and position go a great ways in making life what we imagine it ought to be."

She had answered Basil Wayne's letters regularly at first. She liked to get his letters because they told her how she dressed of him, and how he loved her, and it is pleasant for a woman to know that some one loves her. Living there in that quiet little fishing town, she had never had much time given her, and Basil Wayne's was very welcome, very pleasant, and Basil had written to her often, and she had never seen him since also as other fishermen. There was something about him, however, he did from the world outside world of which she knew so little, which elicited in her an opinion, and had his affection for her grand and sweet. So she thought at first, but absence dimmed the fervor of her love, if it did not Basil's, and after John Vivian came and began his wooing, her letters to her almost lover grew fewer, and shorter, and by-and-by when John Vivian asked her to be his wife and she consented, they stopped wholly.

She knew that she did not care for the man whose wife she became. She never could give him more than regret, but he had wealth, and wealth can blind us to duty and truth, and make us cheat ourselves into believing a lie. For, though absence dimmed the glow of her love for Basil Wayne, it did not kill it, and she loved him as well as she was capable of loving any one, when she spoke the words which made her the wife of another, though she tried to believe that what had been called love was a sort of ardent friendship.

"Was it you, ma'am, that screeched out just now?" he asked, sharply.

Barbara felt half vexed with him for his incivility.

"Yes," she answered, in a curt tone of voice, "I did scream. Will you be good enough to tell me what that is lying in the gutter yonder?"

The patrolman flashed the light of his lantern over the object in question.

"Humph!" he muttered, recollecting a pace or two. "It's a man."

Barbara was watching him with her eyes very wide open. In fact, she was prepared for some such announcement. Even while she gazed, out of that incongruous bundle there seemed to stalk the vision of a human face—a face that was pale, and passionate, and beautiful, pure of profile, with a bronze-like glitter in the silken beard, and warm gleams in the yellowish-brown hair; in short, such a face as she had seen in her dreams, perhaps, but never in her waking hours.

She stopped nearer, feeling pained and shocked, somehow.

"What's the matter?" she said, eagerly.

"Is he hurt? Is he dead?"

"Drunk," growled the patrolman.

For a minute she grew sick, and turned to go. But after six receding steps she went back again, drawn by an impulse over which she had no control.

"What will you do with the poor fellow?" she asked, after having stolen a second glance into that pale, perfect face.

"Take him to the station-house, of course."

"No, no! He mustn't go there."

"Where then?"

"My room is up the second stair-way from this. I think I could manage to get him there, between us."

She flushed to the roots of her hair as she said this. The patrolman turned his lamp upon her face, and looked at her very keenly.

"Is the poor wretch a friend of yours, Miss?" he asked, after a short silence.

"No," angrily. "But I can't leave him to die in the street. I'm not such a brute as that."

The man laughed.

"Humph! Who said anything about leavin' him here? I reckon you mean all right, Miss—so take my lantern and leave ahead. Something must be done with the poor devil—that's certain."

Barbara's heart fluttered with fear as she obeyed. She was taking so strange, so unwarrentable a step! But a very varied experience of twenty-five years in this most marvellous of worlds, had rendered her more indifferent to appearances than the majority of her sex, perhaps. Besides, that pale, perfect face danced before her mental vision in such an appealing manner, that she found it impossible to turn cold away.

The patrolman was a big, burly fellow, and easily succeeded in swinging her drunken Apollo over his shoulders. Though staggering a little under the burden, he manfully followed Barbara along the pavement and up three flights of stairs to the little back room she occupied.

It was a clean nest of a place, and quite comfortably furnished. The patrolman laid his limp burden on the couch, and then took his departure.

He was scarcely gone, however, before Barbara wished him back again. She was naturally a very modest woman—squeamish about situations. Notwithstanding that her modesty had been put to a rather hard school, where some of the finer points had been worn off, she now began to feel frightened and uneasy over what she had done.

It was something new to have a man in the room, whether young or old, handsome or ugly, and she didn't fully like the sensation.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Nov. 25, 1871.]

"You need a wife who has lived among men or men among women. You know how terribly man has been tainted."

"I know you are the best woman God ever made," said Ethel reverently.

"He tried to kiss her hand, her lips, but she wouldn't put him away from her."

"I do not," said Ethel. "I feel that I never could. There's no wide a gulf between you and me. We'd never not seek to bridge it. Our efforts might end in failure. Let us be wise while wisdom will avail us. Here is my hand, darling, and it is the hand of a friend who will never forsake you; only a friend, however, Vance."

He took it, leaned over it in a sort of silent silence. If he had never understood what a great heart throbbed in this woman's bosom, he knew it well enough now.

"She loves you," said Ethel. "And I think you love her. Tell her so, Vance. God meant you to be happy together. Why should a woman like myself shut out the sunlight from your lives? It would be wicked and—I cannot do it!"

Again she pushed him from her. And at this instant the door opened and Ethel flashed in upon the two, pale and radiant and pretty as a rose-bud.

catching sight of their pallid faces, she paused, astounded. Her own peach-blossom cheeks began to lose their color, for she was no dull that she could not divine the truth.

Vance turned upon her, rudely and sternly. His hand fell heavily upon her shoulder, and he turned her toward him until she stood face to face with Barbara.

"Look at that woman, Ethel," he said between his teeth. "She loves me better than her own life. And yet she is willing to give herself up to you. Can you accept such a sacrifice?"

An angry fire flashed into the girl's eyes. But it was gone in an instant. She dropped her head and turned away her face.

"Love is such a very selfish passion, Vance," she murmured, pathetically. "And I am only a weak girl, you know. I—I cannot give you up."

After she had spoken in this manner, Vance stood motionless as a statue for a few minutes. Something like a groan fell from his lips. He looked first at Ethel who had now crept close to his side, shy, blushing, expectant, then his gaze wandered to the still, patient, submissive figure of Barbara Saul.

With a bound he had her in his arms, and kisses and tears were being dropped upon her face.

"There is one thing, and only one, that can come between you and me, Barbara," he said; "and that is—death!"

Did our brave little woman accept the love she could no longer question? To be sure and all the more willingly when she learned—she shortly did—that Vance's father had long since been seeking his son, to recall him from his banishment, and that Ethel, who was well aware of this fact, and who was something of an adventuress, after all, had slyly planned, with Montgomery's help, to be beforehand with him, and so make sure of her "slice" of the Maynesian property in the best manner possible.

There could be no doubt but that the shallow creature loved our hero as well as she was capable of loving anybody, however.

And Vance? If anything can keep him in the pure and happy way from which he had slipped, he will be kept there by the loving devotion of Barbara—the wife!

FAITHFUL FOREVER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY T. J. CHAMBERS

"Oh, what, while I could hear and see Such words and looks, was Heaven to me; Through gross the air on earth we drew, 'Twas like a dream when she breathed it to me; The dark face of the sun that she skinned, Through her eyes light when she was high. Throughout creation I but knew One separate spot, where the sun, moon, and stars Were the other all; Where the sun was, there she was not."

—*The Leaves of the Angels.*

"You have often asked me," said my friend, Paul Winterston, "why I have never married; why I am so indifferent to the most beautiful and attractive of the female sex; and to-night, while the snow falls and the wind howls wildly, I will tell you the story of my life. You often accuse me of being a woman-hater, but you are utterly mistaken; no man living has a higher opinion of the sex than I, although I may appear cold and cynical."

"Then why do you appear so?" I asked.

"You are yet young, a man at thirty-two is in the prime of life. You have health, wealth, and a reasonable share of good looks; many a lovely maiden would marry you gladly, and love you at the same time."

"It may be true. But listen to my story, and then you will not wonder at my silence."

He drew his chair nearer to the fire, threw his cigar upon the glowing coals, and began.

I was left an orphan at an early age. My mother died when I was an infant, and I was only ten years old when my father followed her. We lived upon a small plantation in eastern Virginia; but at my father's death, his estate was found to be mortgaged to the full worth of it; it was sold to pay the debts, and I went to live with my guardian, Mr. Allston, who owned a splendid plantation in an adjoining county. He was an old friend of my father's, and had promised him, on his dying bed, to give me a home with his family, and to be my father. How he kept that promise you shall hear.

It was an April morning when Mr. Allston's carriage drew up in front of the elegant mansion which henceforth was to be my home. Everything looked wonderfully grand to my childish eyes; I felt entirely out of place, and longed to creep away somewhere out of sight. Mrs. Allston, a stately, well-faithful lady, came out to meet me, kissed me kindly, and made me feel at home.

Her eyes were a handsome,

well-dressed boy, two or three years older than myself, who was introduced to me as their nephew, Walter Allston, the probable heir of the estate, as Mr. Allston had no son of his own, and but one daughter.

I had shock hands with my cordially enough, but at the same time stared at me as surely that I felt he would never be my friend. And he never was.

When the introductions were over, I took the first opportunity to slip out of the house, and wandered around aimlessly until I found myself in the flower garden, where many choice plants were in bloom. I was bending over a bed of hyacinths, the finest I had ever seen, inhaling their delicious fragrance, when a light hand was laid on my arm, and a merry, childish laugh rang in my ears.

"Who are you, little boy, and what are you doing here?" said a voice that was like the softest notes of a flute.

I turned to my pale face flushing hotly, and stared in spontaneous amazement at the little girl by my side. She removed my game for a moment, and gave utterance to another happy laugh.

"Oh, I know now who you are," she said; "you are the little boy we were expecting—Miss Paul Winterston. Cousin Paul I shall call you. I didn't know papa had got back—

"—and was out in the fields."

"And who are you?" I managed to stammer at length.

Ethel wrote to me often—tender, innocent

"Why, I am Ethel Allston; you must call me cousin, and then I will have two cousins, Cousin Paul and Cousin Walter."

I scarcely believe that she belonged to earth. Her face was so pure, so spiritual, so saintly. She was about eight years of age, rather tall, with a light and slender form. Her small oval face was very pale, which made her saucy lips and dark brows more striking. But her greatest beauty was her eyes, which were remarkably large, of a dark hazel color, and shaded by the longest, blackest lashes I have ever seen. The expression of her wonderful orbs varied with every passing emotion—one moment sparkling with merriment, the next swimming in tears.

"Do you like the hyacinths?" she asked, smiling sweetly.

"They are beautiful," I answered, looking from the flowers to her eyes.

"You shall have some of them to take to your room, with some of the other flowers," she said, pulling off several of the graceful spikes. "Now come and see the tulips; they are prettier than the hyacinths, but they don't smell so sweet. You must take a few of each kind, and I will give you a pot to keep them in; you can set them in your window, and look at them whenever you please."

She showed me several other kinds of flowers, all marvellously beautiful in my eyes, and gave me some of each variety, which she hunted up an old flower-pot, filled it with water, and placed the lovely blossoms in it.

"Now I will show you your room, and where to set the flowers," she said.

On our way up-stairs we met Walter Allston coming down.

"What have you got there?" he asked haughtily, glancing at the flowers in my hands.

"They are Cousin Paul's flowers," answered Ethel.

"Cousin Paul?" said Walter. "You must have strange notions, Ethel, to such a cousin; he's nothing but a poor beggar boy!" With these cruel words, he made a motion as if to snatch the flowers from my hands.

"I pressed her little hands in mine, and bowed, feeling very awkward and ill at ease. Her black eyes flashed at me with a frank and fearless expression.

"Miss Allston," said Walter, laughing softly, "let me make you acquainted with your old friend and playmate, Mr. Paul Winterston. Ha, ha, ha! I see you have forgotten each other entirely, in four years."

The young lady blushed rosy red, and her pale cheeks grew scarlet.

"For shame, Walter! I will tell papa if you ever do so again," she said.

The boy laughed insolently, and continued his way down-stairs.

"You mustn't mind him," said my companion's gentle voice. "He is very rude sometimes, but he doesn't mean what he says. Here we are at your room now."

The room set apart for my accommodation was a very small and not over-elegant one; but as I could look down upon the garden from my window, I was highly delighted with the situation. Ethel arranged the flowers in my window, set the furniture to rights in the room, and then turned to leave me.

"Dinner will be ready in a little while," she said, "and after that I want you to go to the fields with me to gather some wild violets. I saw some in bloom in the meadow yesterday."

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A FAMILY OF FIVE MURDERED.

LOUISVILLE, Nov. 12.—This morning a family named Parks were found murdered in their house, near Henryville, Indiana. The family consisted of Cyrus M. Parks, his wife Isabella, his son John, aged 10 years, and his daughter, Eveline, aged 17, and Ellen, aged 15 years. The bodies of all were terribly beaten and crushed by some blunt instrument. The brains of Mrs. Parks and her son were scattered about the room while their bodies were lying in pools.

The girls were found sitting in the kitchen alone, but were drowsy and faintly hurt. The neighbors heard shots in the night, but the bodies were not collected until morning. Mr. Parks was a leading member of the church, and was much esteemed. There is no clue to the perpetrators of the murder.

CHOLERA AT NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, Nov. 14.—The German steamship *Franklin*, from Stettin, is quarantined at New York, having cholera on board. There were 100 cases and 40 deaths during the voyage.

How many are ill of the disease at present it is difficult to tell. There were six hundred and eleven emigrants packed away in the *Franklin*, and most of them, from their close proximity to the stricken and dying, doubtless imbibed the seeds of the fatal disease. Our neighbors owe it to themselves and humanity to subject this unwelcome ship to the most rigid quarantine.

WISCONSIN ELECTION.—The official vote of Milwaukee city and county gives Doctolittle, Democrat, 1941 majority for Governor.

UTAH.

It is said that a number of well-known citizens (polygamists) are making arrangements to send away their plural wives should the decisions in the forthcoming trials go against the defendants. Nobody believes that any of the well-to-do Mormons think of abandoning their present homes and their property because of the enforcement of the laws against polygamy. The Mormons claim and earnestly believe that their plural wives doctrine is of God, but many of them begin to express grave doubts as to the expediency of continuing its practice in violation of law.

THE RECENT HORRIBLE TRAGEDY—ARREST OF THE MURDERERS.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Nov. 14.—Last night the citizens of Henryville, Indiana, near where the brutal murder of the Parks family occurred on Saturday night, put a rope around the neck of George Johnson, the negro implicated in the murder, and, telling his crime was traced to him, demanded to know his accomplices.

Johnson thinking all was discovered, made a full confession, stating that two negroes, named Davis and Taylor, with himself, pilfered the sum of \$100 from the house. Johnson says that he watched outside, Davis held the light, and Taylor did the bloody work.

His partners refused to divide the plunder fairly with him. They got only \$140. The whereabouts of his accomplices were known, and a party of citizens immediately effected their arrest.

THE FOREST FIRES.

Governor Fairchild, of Wisconsin, has authorized the furnishing of three thousand feet of lumber, free of expense, to each family who will rebuild on their lots recently devastated by the fire.

THE RECENT ELECTION.

St. Paul, Minn., Nov. 14.—Official returns of the election are not yet all in, but enough is received to show that Austin will have a majority of 1,300. The Legislature stands on joint ballot 100 Republicans to 46 Democrats.

THE PARKS TRAGEDY.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Nov. 15.—The excitement in Clark county, Indiana, over the Parks tragedy, is only slightly abated. No danger is now apprehended of lynching the prisoners. Several other negroes have been arrested on suspicion. The search of Taylor's house revealed the fact that he had been receiving quantities of stolen goods from Chicago since the fire. A large quantity was found.

THE STORM AT LONG BRANCH.

LONG BRANCH, Nov. 15.—A heavy southeast storm set in yesterday. Last night the roof of the upper piazza of the United States Hotel was carried away. Great damage has been done to the beach. At high water, this morning, the bluff was washed away to the main drive from Ocean avenue, intersecting Chelsea avenue. Hundreds of people lined the shore this morning, witnessing the demolition of the embankment. No damage to shipping is reported. The railroad track at Seabright is considerably damaged.

NEW JERSEY ELECTION.

NOV. 16.—The official vote of New Jersey gives Parker, Democrat, for Governor, 82,399 and Walsh, Republican, 76,292. Majority for Parker, 6,007.

Nov. 17.—THE GREAT STORM.—Additional reports of damage by the great storm have been received. In Jersey City, the loss is estimated at \$10,000. The lecture-room of the Methodist Church at Bergen Heights, was demolished and the church damaged. In Newark over \$20,000 worth of property was destroyed. In Elizabeth, a brick factory and five other buildings; and at Plainfield, and unfinished church, were demolished. At Freehold, the Presbyterian Church was partially destroyed. At Portland, Me., the railroad bridges were submerged, and trains delayed in all directions. The night train from Bangor to Boston ran off the track near Farmington, owing to the washing away of a culvert, and several persons were injured by the smashing of the sleeping cars. At Rockland the snow continued yesterday, and the sun ran higher in the hour than at any time since 1852. The wind at New York city reached a velocity of six miles an hour. The caution signals of the Signal Service were displayed at every post from five to fifteen hours in advance of the storm.

At San Francisco, Ellen Wade, an English girl, died on Wednesday night from the effects of strychnine, which she took by mistake for arsenic. She was in the habit of taking the latter poison for her complexion.

Daniel Stewney died yesterday in Brooklyn, from the effects of the bite of a cat.

Great consternation has been created at Hyde Park, Scranton, Pa., by the caving in of the earth over the Oxford mine. Buildings were badly shaken, and large fissures opened in the streets, but no persons were injured.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

LONDON, Nov. 14.—The British government has granted a pension of \$200 to the children of Dr. Livingstone, the African explorer. Dr. Livingstone, when last heard from, was slowly making his way towards the coast.

LONDON, Nov. 15.—A tremendous explosion occurred in a gallery of Wigan yesterday. The buildings in the vicinity rocked to and fro, the people rushed from their houses, and a panic prevailed in the town. The sound of the explosion was heard in the country around for a distance of several miles, and much alarm was felt. Fortunately the disaster occurred after the working day had withdrawn, or the loss of life would have been appalling. As it was, six men were killed, and possibly one or two more victims will be found. The cause of the explosion is unknown.

Heavy gales prevailed all day yesterday and last night around the British coast. The Nigretta, from Cardiff for Havana, went ashore last night in Barnstable Bay, and will probably be a total wreck. Her crew were saved.

SWITZERLAND.

BUNNEN, Nov. 16.—The corporate authorities have resolved to revive and enforce to their fullest extent, within the city limits, the Federal laws prohibiting the existence of gambling banks and lotteries within the confederation. These laws have for a long time been practically obsolete.

AURELIA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

Mrs. Edwards sat sewing in her cheerful parlor, Aurelia was opposite her, making some article of feminine gear; her dark eyes were brighter than usual, her full red lips trembled a little, and the faultless oval of her cheek was tinged with a flush like the bloom on a ripe peach. She toyed nervously with her dainty work.

"Mother," she said, "Roy Willett has asked me to be his wife."

"Roy Willett! I feared it would be so, and what was your answer?"

"I said I would marry him, if you and father will consent."

"Aurelia, you must not marry Roy Willett."

"But, mother, I love him."

"He is dissipated—he drinks indiscriminately; and, I have it on good authority, he is a gambler."

"I know it; but the power of love is great. He will return through my influence."

"Ah," said Mrs. Edwards, "how many have been drawn into unhappy marriages by that delusion! Aurelia, Roy Willett is a proud and passionate, though weak man; his spirit is equally high, but your nature is the stronger. There would be a complete contrast between you. In your endeavor to reform him, you would only succeed in driving him from his home. I cannot consent to such a match."

Aurelia abruptly left the room, her cheeks flaming, and her lips tightly drawn as if to suppress her agitation. Mrs. Edwards looked after her, and sighed with depth of sadness which only a mother can feel on witnessing a daughter's pain.

Aurelia went to her chamber, and bowing her head on the table, wept as if her heart were breaking. And yet she had not expected her mother's decision to be otherwise than unfavorable to Roy Willett's suit, and she knew that her father would not be more placable.

"Everybody's against him!" she sobbed.

"I am the only one who does not frown on him. A set of Pharisees, who just because he deviates a little from the straight path, class him among the lost. But I will be true to him!" she continued, drawing herself to her full height. "I love him, and I will never desert him."

Bathing her eyes with cologne, until all traces of her recent tears were gone, she returned to the sitting-room, outwardly calm, but with pride and resentment glowing in her heart.

There was an extensive cotton factory near Ashland. In this, Roy Willett, although a small young man, had risen to the position of managing partner. He was a bold-looking, handsome man, physically strong, but morally weak, and the possessor of a fiery temper.

He had always lived in Ashland. Aurelia and he had grown up together. They had attended the same school, enjoyed the same amusements, and often quaffed beer violently as if they were brothers and sisters. During the last few years, their intimacy had been gradually broken off. Aurelia's parents did not look approvingly upon Roy Willett, nor did any judicious parents of the town, for he had been seen in a state of intoxication more than once, and it was whispered that the company he frequented was not the most respectable. Sometimes, however, he met Aurelia at social gatherings, and it was at one of these parties he had asked her to be his wife. There was no doubt about his love for her. He loved her somewhat less than champagne, and a little more than oyster stew; but she loved him with all the ardor of a young and ill-disciplined heart.

When her father came home at dusk, Aurelia, summoning all her courage, told him of Roy Willett's proposal.

"I marvel," Mr. Edwards said, sternly, "that he had the presumption to speak to you in that manner. His very presence insults a lady while he is hand and glove with his present associates. It is strange that respectable people invite him to their houses. My answer is, emphatically, no. When he shows the first sign of amendment, I will reconsider it."

A torrent of angry words arose to Aurelia's lips, but she suppressed it, she knew it would be useless to argue with her father, he had too much of his own haughty spirit to bear contradiction, so she was silent, awaiting his reply.

Later in the evening, when Mr. Edwards had gone out, and his wife sat doting in her chair, a peculiarly shrill whistle broke the stillness.

Aurelia started at the sound; softly opening the window, she listened attentively. The whistle was repeated. With a glance at her slumbering mother, she threw a shawl over her shoulders, and, stealing from the room, hastened into the street.

Waiting beneath the old oak tree, in front of the house, stood Roy Willett.

"I thought you would never come," he said, impatiently. "I've nearly cracked my lungs, trying to make you hear the signal."

"I came as soon as I could," she answered, taking his offered arm, and walking slowly down the street.

"Well, I am waiting for an answer. I suppose the old man objected?"

Her face flushed slightly. "The old man?"

"Your father, of course. I suppose he isn't overjoyed at the prospect of having me as a son-in-law?"

"He is not. Oh, Roy, he has refused his consent to our marriage!"

"I expected it would be thus. We'll get married without it, then."

He scanned her face, furtively, to see the effect of his last words. Her face grew pale and resolute, while she panted a moment.

"Such a union would be accursed," she said.

"Pshaw!" he answered. "And if we are so, could you not bear a curse for my sake?"

"Yes, yes," returned the infatuated girl, "waiting for your sake!"

"Come then; before another hour passes, you shall be my wife."

"So soon?" she said, drawing back a little.

The voice of her conscience was not silent, but she preferred to listen to the sophistry of the tempter, who whispered, "You may save me from ruin."

"The sooner the better. Come. All is ready—even to the witnessess." And she went with him.

At nine o'clock sounded from the steeples of the town she noiselessly entered her home, reflecting with a half resentful pleasure that she was no longer Aurelia Edwards, but Aurelia Willett.

"To-morrow F will come to claim my wife," Roy Willett had said at parting.

He kept his promise. The next day he presented himself at the Edwards's door. Aurelia had open him from the window, and went to meet him. Together they entered the parlor where her father and mother were.

"Allow me to present my wife!" he said, in his bold, brazen way.

"Your wife?" said Mr. Edwards, gaping in amazement at the pair.

"We were married last night. I am now your son-in-law."

"Is this true?" asked Mr. Edwards, turning towards his daughter, his countenance growing white and stern.

"It is true," returned Aurelia, in her haughty manner. "I am Roy Willett's wife."

There was a fall and a low cry of anguish. Mrs. Edwards had fainted. Aurelia sprang forward to help her, but her father instead passed, and lifted the insensible woman from the floor.

"How to keep older"—Cut it in slices about nine inches long, lay them out on the grass to bleach; then soak in a weak solution of lime and carbonates of soda, and hang up in a dry place near the chimney. This is safer than to drink it while sweet.

Another way to keep it is—not to drink it. Mrs. Williams, who used to boast that he never owed a dollar in his life and never would, in less than a year after his marriage had a little Bill to take up every day.

"At the last eruption of Vesuvius crystallized salt, a new description of lava, was thrown out."

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WIT AND HUMOR.

THE STORY OF A GOOD MAYOR'S BRAINS.
King Arthur the Second, passing through
Cambridge, it was resolved that the Mayor
should compliment him on his arrival.

It so happened that this chief magistrate
was extremely stupid, which is looked upon
as no strange thing in England.

The magistrate was supposed to attend to
him at his hotel, and whisper what he was to
say to the king. When they came into his
majesty's presence, the clerk, desirous to
congratulate the mayor, whispered in his ear:

"Hold up your hand and look like a man!"

"Hold up your hand and look like a man!"

did the mayor here in the king.

The clerk retorted, whispering:

"What the devil do you mean?"

The mayor turned out:

"What the devil do you mean?"

The clerk, retorting with fear and
anger:

"By heaven! you will rain on all!"

The mayor immediately replied:

"By heaven, you will rain on all!"

The clerk, in a violent rage, said:

"Oh! you blundering puppy, I wish you
had never come here!"

The mayor again bawled:

"Oh! you blundering puppy, I wish you
had never come here!"

The clerk, on this, immediately took to his
hut, and the mayor followed him, leaving
the king in a violent fit of laughter, though
not without rage.

THE GIANT AS A DWARF.

A simple-minded young Frenchman on
coming to Paris was anxious to see the fa-
mous General Tom Thumb, then in France,
and asked a town friend where he might find
him. The mischievous wag gave him the
address of Leibnitz, the ponderous and
quarrelsome host of the opera. He rang, and the door by a
chance trick of fortune was opened by the
stage artist in person. The alarmed visitor
drove back in confusion.

"A thousand pardons, Monsieur, there
must be a mistake; I hoped to see M. Tom
Thumb."

Leibnitz, taking in the situation at a
glance, and enjoying the joke, gravely re-
plied:

"Sir, there is no error; I am Tom
Thumb!"

"Why—how—certainly, why I thought
Tom Thumb was very small!" gasped the
astonished visitor.

"Oh! that's no matter," replied the basso,
grandly; "before the public, you see, I
am small—very small indeed"—sustaining
the notion to the word and holding his hand
about two feet above the floor—"but here
at home"—rising to his full height, putting
his thumb in the arm-hole of his waistcoat
and swelling out that resonant rotundity
which was wont to shake the *Opéra* with its
thunders—"here at home, I take my ease!"

OUR HAT.

Mr. Spillman had just married a second
wife. On the day after the wedding, Mr. B.
remarked: "I intend, Mrs. Spillman, to enlarge
my dairy." "You mean our dairy, my
dear," replied Mrs. B. "No," quoth Mr.
Spillman. "I intend to enlarge my dairy."
"My dairy, Mr. Spillman?" "No, my
dairy." "My dairy, say our—screamed
she, seizing the poker. "My dairy! my
dairy!" yelled the husband. "Our dairy!
our dairy!" screeched his wife, emphasizing
each word by a blow on the back of her
cringing spouse. Mr. Spillman retreated
under the bed. In passing under the bed-
clothes his hat was brushed off. He re-
mained under cover several minutes, waiting
for a lull in the storm. At last his wife saw
the cresting of his head out at the foot of the
bed, and a tear from her eye said:

"What are you looking for?" exclaimed
the lady. "I am looking for my hat, my dear!"

MISS FASHIONABLE NEWS.

A party of Pittsburg gentlewomen recently
gave a vaccination party. Instead of en-
gaging cooks and waiters, the host secured
the services of two or three capable physi-
cians, and in the place of ice-cream and
cake, vaccine virus of the finest quality was
provided. When the hour for refreshments
arrived, the guests seated themselves and
the doctors went round the room supplying
their wants. Instead of being asked if they
would have strawberry or vanilla, the guests
heard the question, "Which will you take,
madam, the infant virus or that from the
original cow?" And when the inquirers
had made the round of the room, they could
be heard saying at the virus table: "Give
me five infants and three original cows."

"Two cows here and eight infants—grand-
father's pedigree with one of them," and so
on until everybody was served. Of course,
in a few days after the party, it was the
proper thing for the guests to call upon each
other to compare notes.

THE FASHIONS.

When shoes are very much worn, they re-
quire soiling and healing. Ladies are partial
to beaux about their necks. Long trains
of admirers are considered desirable. Summer
fashions are shaped off and cut short. Books
are, consequently, very common. Oper-
singers are much puffed and mostly trimmed
by critics. Bed-bouts should be cut loose. Blousons
are frequent at evening parties. Window-sashes are trimmed with bunting. Bands
are much used in processions. Full
dress is the style for the opera, and under-
dress for the ball. In consequence of the visit
of Prince Alexis, blousons are very fashion-
able.

"Did you present your account to the de-
fendant?" asked a lawyer of his client. "I
did, sir." "And what did he say?" He told
me to go to the devil." "And what did you
do then?" "Why, I came to you."

CUSTOMERS.—"Do you call that a real
cut-waiter? Why, it is an insult to every
true cut in the country." Waiter—"I didn't
mean to insult you."

YOUNG MEN four-days have a shocking
sight for the Scriptures. Solomon said,
"Go to the ark, there singgard;" and yet the
majority of our singgards irreverently permit
it in going to their uncles.

The other day, found some money
in the street. "Ah!" said he, with a know-
ing look, "paper have been having that
money's light, but I wouldn't have believed
it if I hadn't found it in the gutter."

IT MAY BE SO.—A grushing writer says
that "man's choicest product is woman;
and nothing being the interior found that
affords her but bloom, ladyhood, as the
consequence of the, the forenoon some
womanhood, a distillation from its super-
tree, drops from this found a personal
frankness." It may be so; things have risen
so since the war that you can't most always
conveniently tell what you have to say.

A woman paper speaks of the home-
cheating man on the time when divine
woman has her own way at the house, while
the "old man" takes his solace repose from
the top of the three-tiered, and in sleeping
enjoys the freedom of the interior because
his feet-cams and the front fence. It is a
cause for meditation, whitewashed, and safe,
uncompromised probably.

The Chicago day has used up nearly
the last portion.



LEAH PASSENGER.—"H'm! pity they don't charge by weight in these horse-cars."

STOUT DITTO.—"Think so? Why, if they did, they'd never stop to pick you up!"

MEMORY PICTURES.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

Dark hickory boughs against blue perfect sea;
Sharp-sheeped fir-trees crisscrossing sunbeams rocks;

The merry sunlight on leaves glistening looks;

The sounding of two tender voices low;

And all so long ago!

A baulk of sweet cattail in the air;

Front as the sun, calm cloud o'er distant seas;

Front as the sun, calm cloud o'er distant seas;

The soundings of two tender voices low;

And all so long ago!

A purple whorl of sunset in the west;

A great gold star through a wide orient seas;

Two little hands upon a picard breast;

A mother's kiss to a tiny, tiny screen;

And all so long ago!

Leaves from a Pocket Diary.

No. 2.

THE MINER'S STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

We were mining at South Forks then, with
a horde of all sorts of men encamped up the
slopes back of us. We worked in Blicker's
Gulch. Some of the parties had met with
success, taking out ounces and even
pounds of gold from the numerous "blow-
holes" which their inquisitive eyes had
searched out.

It was a wild bit of country lying around
us. Bold bluffs, hump-backed and rugged,
lifted their heads towards the sky; deep
dark chasms opened their stone lips; precipi-
tations against invasion. Here was a
grove of oak and pine in a fertile area, there
dawned upon our eyes a row of tents bungled
into a ravine; yonder was the winding
peditively bottom of what would be in the rainy
days a bold camp. Contrast all this
with brick walls and noisy pavements, and
faugh! The wild freedom of mining and
freedom wood-life taught at more polished
silvery!

We sat or lounged upon the earth around
our camp, for the labor of the day was done;
Idles alone pottering about the umbrae in
rest upon doing the morrow's work, and
trying at the same time to ascertain what
made his pipe where so asthmatically.

You are a regular old household deity.

Felix flung at him, as, at last, he joined us
with his trade-mark, in the form of a streak
of snuff, radiating out from his nose.

"And you bow at my shrine," was the
quick retort.

That is true, Dites; and further, I don't
know what we boys would do if it were not
for you."

Dites coincided with this opinion. We
all did.

They were having a regular pow-wow
up a team had just arrived from
Benton with supplies of flour and a barrel
of rum; and by Jove there were yelps up
there that would have done credit to a pack
of wolves.

"There, boys, you stay where you are,"
said Stephens, addressing two or three fel-
lows who were moving away from our party.

"This is a teetotal camp, by Jupiter!" in
exceptions, "but as they still moved off, he
remarked, "Well divide the traps in the
morning. If they taste a drop of that stuff
they shall be a new landholder after this."

"You won't always be a temperance man,
I could swear," said Dites.

"You spoke with too much bitterness just
now. Am I right?"

"You are," said Rawden, "and Stephens, too,
told them about your last glass."

Stephens winced.

"I thought that that would do any good—
otherwise—"

"I think it will," said his friend. "It may
not come of these young fellows as bitter
as you."

Dites coincided with this opinion. We
all did.

From the Pembroke House, if we take
the other route, we can get lovely glimpses
of the bay and river by moonlight on our re-
turn.

"But the moonlight bay, put in romantic
Kitty Brace, do, dear Alice, let us go back

to the moonlight traps.

"But the moonlight traps, in a
romantic sense, are not traps at all," said
Stephens.

"Keep quiet, and let me try and turn them.
Whom, Ned, whom; back, Charlie—easy—

"The axis began to creak, the wheels
to rattle against each other, and she spoke
again.

"Don't be alarmed; I know the road,
sit quietly, or I may run off the high bank."

"The carriage, meanwhile, was tilting
this way and that, the horses floundering
and that heroic girl likely any moment to be
trotted to death beneath their heels. I was
completely sobered, but dared not move a
finger lest I should precipitate all to de-
struction. She turned us safely, but continued
to the excited animals. A light form then
sprang into the front of the carriage, over
my feet, and quite into my arms.

"Give me the reins, Tom," she called
out in a tone which Alice's voice had
never had before. He seemed to refuse to
yield possession, for she spoke again—

"Tom, yield the reins. You have driven
the last time you ever will with me, or my
friends."

"Something in her voice awoke him. She
took the reins from his hand, but the danger
was not all past, for the horses were still
wild with excitement, and we might crash
into the other teams and roll into the ravine.
She had no need to whisper to me—

"Dick, hold me closely, it is a wretched
road," for I had both arms around her, and
could feel her heart plunge as if it would
burst its arteries.

"Lucky, I am to be a drawbridge," he said.

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